Vol 8 **The War Illustrated** N° 183

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE JUNE 23, 1944

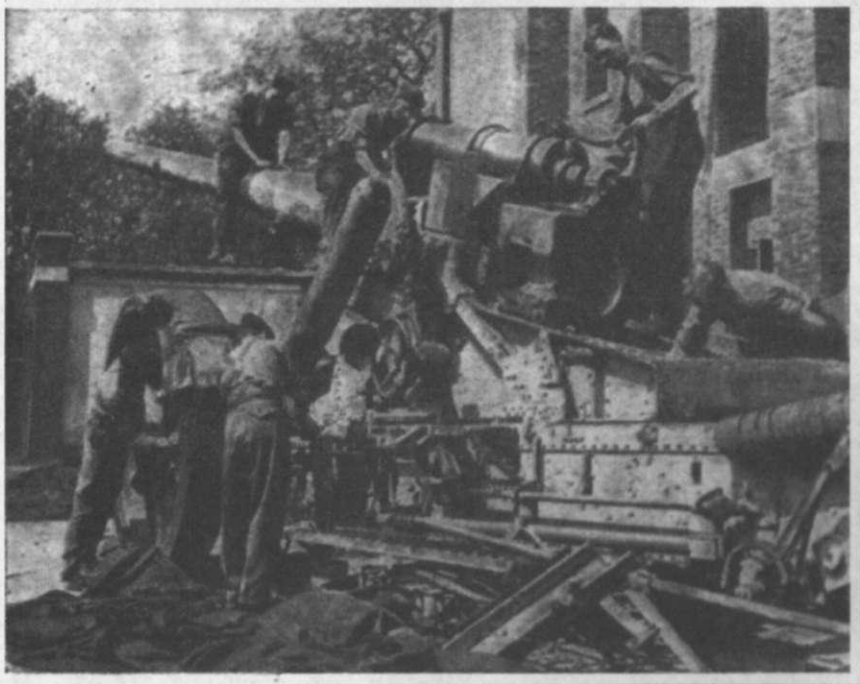
GENERAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER, G.C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., M.C., Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in Italy, watches keenly the successful progress of our troops as they engage the enemy at the commencement of the great new offensive on May 11, 1944. General Alexander was appointed Commander-in-Chief on December 24, 1943. On May 12, 1944, in an order of the day addressed to his forces in English, French, Italian, and Polish he declared, "We are going to destroy the German armies in Italy." *Photo, British Official*

NO. 184 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, JULY 7

Our Roving Camera Sees War Prisoners Return

FREE MEN AGAIN after more than four years behind German barbed wire, some of over 600 repatriated British prisoners smile happily from the decks of the Swedish mercy ship Gripsholm (left) which landed them at a British port recently. The Gripsholm sails under a "safe conduct" on such humanitarian voyages and carries on board representatives of the Protecting Power (Swiss) and International Red Cross Committee.

W.R.N.S. SORTERS are busy (below) at an Admiralty depot in Britain classifying snapshots taken by holiday-makers abroad in travel-easy peace days. In response to a Government appeal, millions of topographical photographs taken by people who had travelled in Europe, also in Japan and in what are now Japanese occupied territories, have been collected. They will provide invaluable tactical information.



MENACING, but now quite harmless, is this big German gun (above) captured at Tripoli, which has been brought to London. Soldiers are cleaning the war scars from the 25-ton monster in preparation for its exhibition to the people of the Empire's capital.

COVENTRY, first British provincial city to suffer a concentrated enemy air attack—on Nov. 14, 1940—was also among the first to produce a comprehensive post-war redevelopment scheme. The Cathedral Church of St. Michael, with its 300-ft. spire, is now only a shell (right). The steeple beyond is that of Holy Trinity, also devastated. This recent photograph shows the clearance effected in the cathedral vicinity

Photos, New York Times Photos, Planet News, Fox, J. Dixon Scott

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

SINCE I last wrote it has become increasingly clear that General Alexander's offensive was conceived with the idea of bringing about one great battle in which the enemy might not only be driven from his defensive positions, but be defeated beyond hope of recovery. The Anzio attack was delivered not in order to induce Von Kesselring to retreat and open the way to Rome, but if possible to prevent the escape of his 10th Army. So much one can conclude from the timing and direction of the blow.

How far Alexander will completely succeed in his object remains uncertain while I write, for Kesselring is a skilful commander and modern weapons have great delaying power, although the fallacy of the one-time fashionable belief that they gave the defence mastery over attack has never been more clearly proved than by the collapse of the Gustav and Hitler positions.

It has been an extraordinarily interesting battle in many ways, apart from the great issues involved. Never has one been fought over such an amazing variety of terrain, or over terrain which seemed to offer such immense advantages to the defence on both high and low ground. The Gustav and Hitler positions might have served as a text book example of the ideal defensive position, with no obvious points of weakness, and with secure flanks resting on the sea on one side and on a great mountain range on the other.

The composition of the attacking army was even more varied, and in a single battle seldom can four distinct national armies have been each given its separate role. When one comes to the composition of the national groups in detail never surely since Babel can there have been such an assemblage of races united for a single purpose. The Polish Army was, I suppose, the most homogeneous, and with it were working American tanks and artillery. The American Army was, of course, exclusively American, but I imagine it would have been difficult to find in it a unit composed of men sprung from a single ethnological stock. The French Army, largely colonial, was recruited from many different African tribes and races, but it was the British Empire contingent that could produce the greatest diversity of language, colour, race and geographical origin in its several units and formations.

BRITISH, Indian, Canadian and New Zealand formations provided its major sub-divisions, but other units, especially the ancillary units which did splendid work, showed an amazing variety of origin. That this astonishing mixture successfully worked to one plan and defeated an army which claimed to be drawn from the most homogeneous and most martial stock in the world was indeed a triumph, tending to upset the belief that certain races inherently possesss greater martial virtues than others. No one could fail to recognise the necessity for tact in the commander of such an army or the unerring judgement displayed by General Alexander in assigning to each of his national groups the tasks which best suited its characteristics.

Yet it is impossible to say which of the tasks was the most difficult, since they differed so greatly in character. The mountains north of Cassino formed the greatest physical obstacle, and it was on that front that infantry possessing very special qualities of individual endurance and activity was needed. It was assigned to the Poles, who had already proved their aptitude for mountain warfare and were essentially an infantry army. In the Liri valley the British had a greater variety of physical obstacles to deal with, though of a less formidable character, water being perhaps the greatest. It was on this front that the enemy were thickest on the ground and had prepared the strongest artificial defences. It was a front which required the assistance of armour and tremendous weight of artillery support to reduce the volume of fire the enemy could develop from front and flanks.

ON the French front, mountains, though less precipitous than those the Poles had to deal with, were again the main physical obstacle. Infantry of great dash and activity were required, but probably a greater weight of artillery support could be given them than on the Polish front. Although the ground lent itself to defence it seems probable that difficulties of supply and deficiencies of lateral communication limited the size of the defence force to a greater extent here than in the Liri valley. It was, however, far from being a weak sector of the enemy's front. The American task included both the forcing of the defile between the mountains and the sea and the capture of the mountains which overlooked it. Here again the enemy were in strength and had good artificial cover, so that to reduce the volume of the defenders' fire the attack required the support of armour and massed artillery on a scale that only the British and American Armies could produce.

Whatever were the respective difficulties of the various sectors of the front it is clear that each of the groups fought with the greatest determination and had each made definite progress before they obtained the benefit of the progress of the groups alongside. Only the Poles coming up against the pick of the German troops in appalling ground were definitely held up, though they held on firmly to what they had gained. But, well as all did, it is frankly agreed that it was the French who in the first days of the battle made the breach which led to decisive results. Beginning with the magnificent feat of capturing the key strong points of Monte Majo they "followed through" with amazing rapidity over rugged terrain in which the speed of foot of the African natives and their cavalry were prominent factors. In difficult country with bad lateral communication the Germans do not seem to have been able to exploit their usual counter-attacking defence tactics.

Their "follow through" carried the French at Ausonia across the main lateral communication of this part of the Gustav position, thus interfering with the movements of German reserves. Maintaining the momentum of the attack northwards they not only penetrated right through the Gustav position but well into the forward defences of the Adolf Hitler line. The breach thus made must undoubtedly have helped the 8th Army to advance from the bridge-head they had established across the Rapido, forcing the Germans to withdraw from Cassino, which had been by-passed. British and Polish troops mopped up the rearguard detachments. No one grudged the Poles the honour of seizing Monastery Hill, and everyone rejoiced that the French had given such proof of revival of their famous fighting qualities.

The Gustav line was captured in under a week and the momentum of the offensive was so admirably maintained that the Germans were unable to rally on the Hitler position except in its very strong northern sector covering Highway 6. This Kesselring attempted to use as the pivot of a new defensive position, until the break-through from the Anzio beach-head convinced him that he must retreat if he was to have any hope of escaping complete disaster. He still fought desperately in the Liri valley to check the advance of the 8th Army while he regrouped his armies, but he could not stop the attack by the Canadians, nor could he prevent the Anzio thrust penetrating to Valmontone, where it brought Highway 6 under artillery fire.

SMASHING BREACH AFTER BREACH in Kesselring's right flank, south of Rome, pivot of his entire retreat, the Allies by June 1, 1944, were advancing in five thrusts in that area, as indicated above. U.S. forces established on the Alban Hills north of Velletri were overlooking the city; in the coastal area British forces were driving up the Ardea Road. At Frosinone, near Highway 6, the 8th Army was pushing on. On the night of June 4 troops of the 5th Army entered Rome, the Germans withdrawing north of the capital.

By courtesy of The Daily Mail

THE only way of escape for Kesselring's 10th Army then lay by the circuitous mountain roads from the Liri valley to the Rome-Pescara trans-Apennine highway. He could no longer hope to defend Rome, but in order to cover his lines of retreat which converged on Rome he used his 14th Army, reinforced by three divisions from north Italy, to hold the Alban hills. While that position held, the 10th Army, covering its retreat by desperate rearguard actions, by mines and demolitions, could still escape through Rome and avoid being separated completely from the 14th Army. It must have heavy losses during its retreat and will be exposed to air attack on mountain roads.

The unopposed capture of Rome was a great political success brought about by military victory, and it resulted primarily from Alexander's concentration on the defeat of the enemy's armies. Left with no alternative but rapid retreat, Kesselring refused to entangle himself in the streets of Rome. That being so, he would not only have exposed himself to the execration of civilized peoples, but would have further reduced his chance of saving the remnants of his armies. He has paid a heavy penalty for the strategic mistake of committing himself to a decisive battle south of Rome.

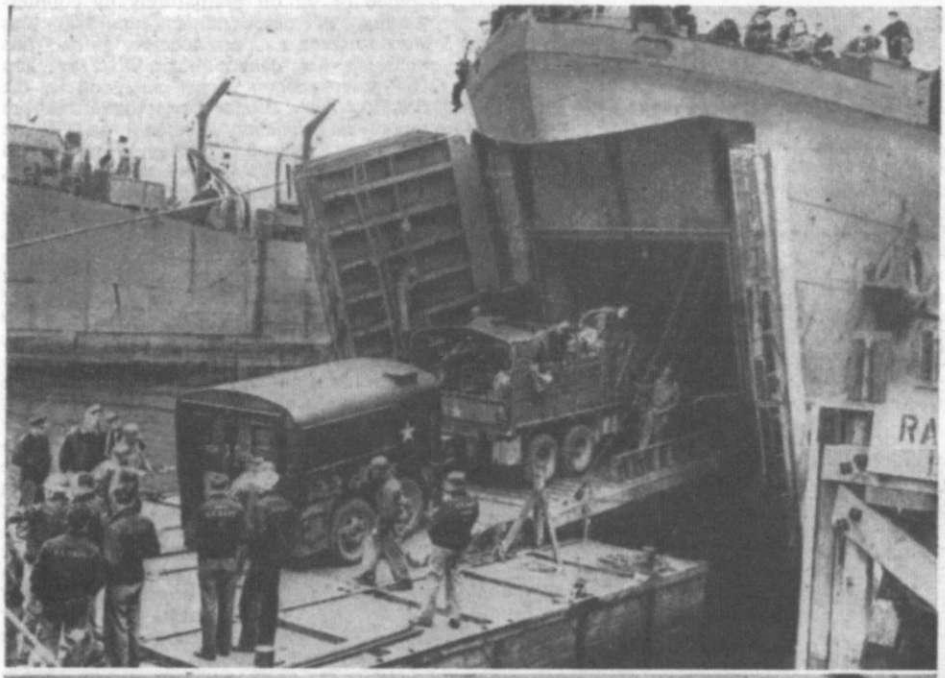
After Four Long Years D-Day Dawns at Last

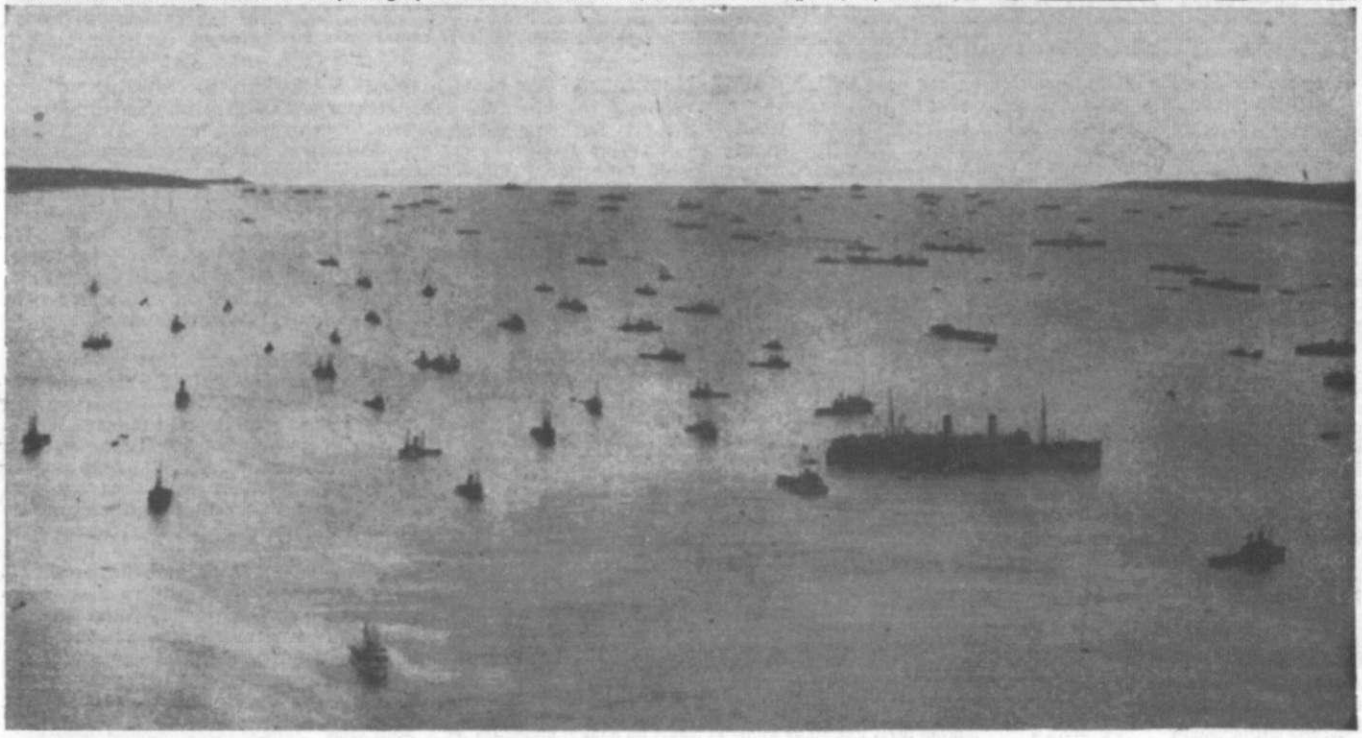
ON THE EVE OF INVASION hundreds of England's by-roads became busy assembly points for the gathering hosts of liberation (above). Stretching along a tree-lined country lane is further evidence of Allied determination in this vast arsenal of shells (below), piled under cover, ready for the guns. General Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander of the British and U.S. Expeditionary Forces, talks to Canadian soldiers before operations begin (left). *Photos, Canadian Official, Planet News*

"AN IMMENSE ARMADA, of more than 4,000 ships and several thousand smaller craft have crossed the Channel . . ." These were the words of Mr. Churchill announcing the commencement of the long-awaited invasion in the West on June 6, 1944. The great assault took place between the hours of 6 a.m. and 8.15 a.m. on that morning, and at 9.30 a.m. Communiqué No. 1 from General Eisenhower's Supreme Headquarters announced that landings had been made on the north coast of France, and that General Montgomery was in command of the 21st Army Group (which included British, Canadian and U.S. forces) carrying out the attack.

Mr. Churchill said the landings were the first of a series in force on the European continent, and that 11,000 first-line aircraft were backing operations. He revealed that our forces had penetrated enemy defences inland to a distance of several miles, and that successful landings of airborne troops "on a scale far larger than anything that had been seen so far in the world" took place with little loss and great accuracy. Fighting was in progress around Caen in Normandy, which is nine miles inland and has an airfield : situated on the River Orne, it is the most important road junction in the south-eastern part of the Cherbourg Peninsula and is 130 miles from Paris.

Allied Invaders Storm Germany's 'Atlantic Wall'





ENSURING FOOD SUPPLIES for our fighting men about to embark on the liberation of Europe, one of many field-kitchens goes aboard a landing ship (top). The landing craft set out on the great assault guarded by the Royal Navy, the guns of one of whose ships are seen in the foreground (centre). Allied Naval C.-in-C., Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, watches the armada sail (centre right). Part of the greatest sea force the world has ever seen waits for the signal to go (bottom). At least 100 invasion vessels can be counted in this photographed section alone. *Photos, British and U.S. Official; Keystone*

FOUR YEARS TO THE MONTH after the B.E.F.'s fighting withdrawal from France, the forces of liberation have returned to that country, magnificently equipped for whatever battles lie ahead, firm in the resolve to lift the Nazi yoke and to crush the aggressors for all time. Confronted now with the immediate prospect of war on four fronts, in Italy, in the Balkans, in Western Europe, and in Russia, the Germans may well hear the knell of doom.

On June 6, 1944, Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Forces, stated that opposition from the enemy coastal defences was not so serious as had been expected, a fact which gives the lie to the German boast of the impregnability of their "Atlantic Wall," which at one time they claimed would hold back any assault, no matter how massive. Air preparation before the landings was described as "a magnificent job." On the night before the invasion force went in, between midnight and dawn more than 5,000 tons of bombs were rained down on ten enemy coastal batteries in the greatest single bombing attack yet recorded. This terrific bombing was supported by 640 naval guns, ranging from 4-in. to 16-in. The bulk of the naval forces engaged were British and American, but ships of the Royal Canadian Navy, and the French, Norwegian, Dutch, Polish and Greek Navies also co-operated.

THE WAR AT SEA

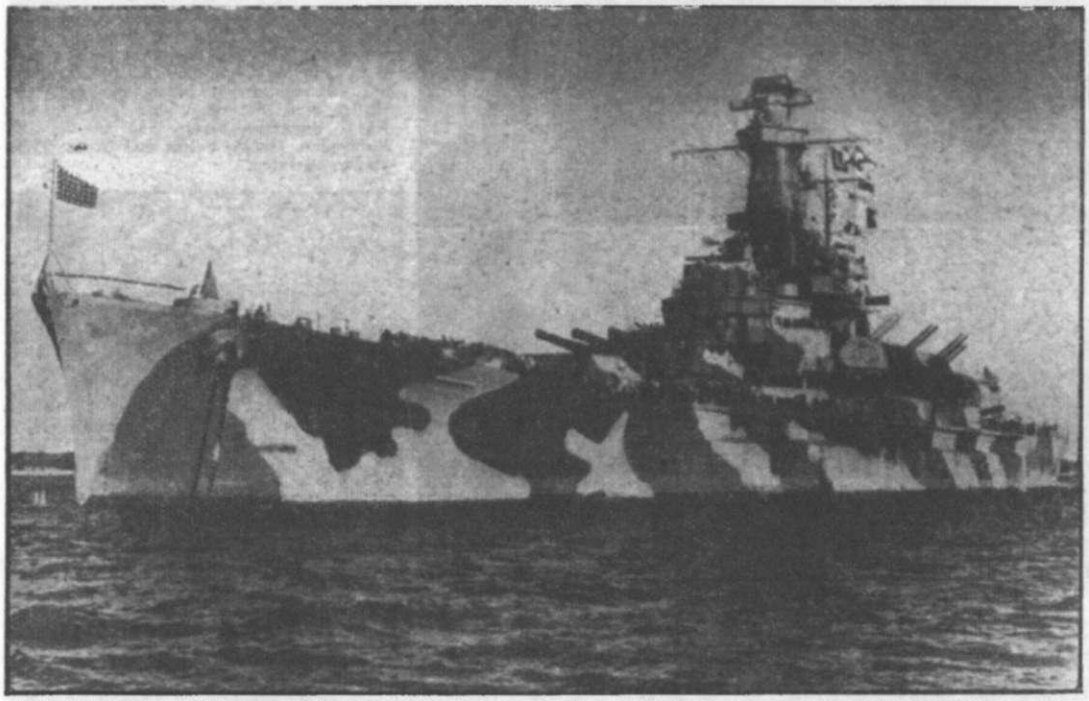
by Francis E. McMurtrie

THERE is no doubt the complete success of the Allied landings in Normandy on June 6, 1944, was due to thorough preparation and the use of overwhelming force. Lack of these two essentials had much to do with the very different results which attended the Gallipoli landings in 1915.

Our foes, on the other hand, tried to be strong everywhere, and thus failed miserably at the point where the attack was delivered. Their only hope of repelling the Allies was either to interrupt the expedition by sea, which they were not strong enough to do, or to beat back the troops as they attempted to land. It may now be asked, is there anything they can do by naval means to interfere with the steady progress of the invasion?

It is indeed beyond doubt that the German fleet must be acutely feeling the man-power shortage. U-boat casualties in the past eighteen months must have been appalling. For the whole of this time, drafts have had to be made on the complements of surface warships to make up fresh crews for new submarines. Nor have other naval losses been light. Two thousand officers and men went with the Bismarck, and some 1,500 more in the Scharnhorst. Destroyers, minesweepers, motor-torpedo-boats and other small craft are being sunk with increasing frequency, adding considerably to the toll. It is improbable that there is any considerable reserve of skilled naval ratings remaining.

It may be assumed that any enemy action at sea against the Allied invasion will now come from submarines. This was the experience in North Africa, but it did not in any way affect the issue. Since Allied naval forces are ready for such attacks, the slaughter of submarines is likely to be great.



U.S. BATTLESHIP, ALABAMA, 35,000 tons, is seen here at anchor somewhere off an Allied base of operations. She is armed with nine 16-in. guns (in turrets of three), twenty 5-in. dual purpose, and sixteen 1·1-in. guns, as well as fifty 40-mm. and machine-guns. She is also equipped to carry and launch fighter aircraft by catapult. Her normal complement is 2,000 men. Belonging to the Washington class, she has five sister ships. *Photo, Keystone*

Before the landing hints were thrown out that the heavier ships of the German Navy were being kept in reserve for such an emergency; but this could hardly have applied to a landing in France, though it might just possibly refer to one in Denmark, about which the enemy, as described in my last article (see No. 182, page 38), were extremely apprehensive. This becomes clear if the question is asked, where are the principal surface ships of the German Navy? Of its four battleships, the Bismarck and Scharnhorst are at the bottom of the sea, and the Tirpitz and Gneisenau are crippled, and could hardly have been made seaworthy in time to play any useful part in such operations. This leaves only ten ships of any importance, apart from the incomplete aircraft carriers Graf Zeppelin and Peter Strasser, the construction of which has evidently been abandoned. These ten are the pocket battleships Admiral Scheer and Lützow; the heavy cruisers Prinz Eugen and Admiral Hipper; the light cruisers Nürnberg, Leipzig, Köln and Emden; and the ancient coast defence ships Schlesien and Schleswig-Holstein. All are believed to be in Baltic ports, and their inactivity for many months past leads one to suspect that some, if not all, of them have been laid up, probably for lack of trained crews.

A WEAPON capable of being used at night is the motor-torpedo-boat, or *schnellboot*, as the Germans call it. Commonly but incorrectly referred to in this country as the E-boat, this type of vessel depends for any success it may achieve on speed and stealth. In daylight it has no chance, being at the mercy of aircraft or destroyers; but at night it is impossible always to guard against it. Several of these enemy craft have been destroyed near the landing beaches.

Much the most dangerous obstacle which our invading forces encountered was the minefield. This may consist of either magnetic, acoustic, contact or observation mines. Various methods of defence against the magnetic and acoustic types, or combinations of these, have been perfected, of which the best-known is the de-gaussing girdle encircling a ship. Contact mines can be dealt with by sweeping, or deflected by the paravane, special mine defence gear which is streamed from the bow of a ship. Observation mines, which are controlled from the shore and exploded electrically when a ship is seen to be in the field, may either be avoided or set off prematurely by countermining. All these dangers and difficulties were foreseen and provided for in the plans made for the Allied attack, no fewer than 200 minesweepers being included in the invasion fleet. Other ships that have been mentioned officially include the British battleships Nelson, Rodney, Warspite and Ramillies, and the U.S. battleships Nevada, Texas and Arkansas, and smaller vessels.

One of the biggest difficulties under which our foes are labouring in Europe today is that of maintaining supplies, especially in the more distant countries which they still occupy. This has been well illustrated of late by the series of raids which the Fleet Air Arm has been carrying out on convoys proceeding up and down the Norwegian coast. Most of this traffic goes through the "leads," the channels between the mainland and the fringe of islands which extends for the greater part of the distance from the North Cape to Stavanger. For a long time past these convoys had been suffering from intermittent attack by our submarines, as well as from bombing by Coastal Command and Bomber Command aircraft in the south.

Now that aircraft carriers are available in greater numbers, with longer-range fighters to protect the bombers, the Fleet Air Arm is coming more and more into the picture. In the past two months there have been six such attacks, including the one on the Tirpitz on April 3, 1944. These have taken a steady toll of merchant vessels, besides damaging escort vessels, so that there is a shortage of both. Escort vessels in Norwegian waters consist mostly of trawlers, minesweepers and miscellaneous auxiliaries. Not only are the losses in ships and cargoes hard to replace, but the enforcement of longer intervals between convoys in itself leads to shortage of supplies.

Conditions which the British naval personnel engaged in these raids have to face are severe. To carry out attacks through blinding snowstorms, with the prospect of dying of cold very quickly if shot down in icy water, calls for skill and courage of a high order. Flying off and landing on the decks of aircraft carriers, from which two feet of snow may first have to be cleared, is no job for a novice. Men who work on the slippery decks in the teeth of icy wind and snow deserve equal credit for the success of these expeditions.

TYPES of aircraft used in the Norwegian operations include the Barracuda, Corsair, Hellcat and Wildcat. The first-named can either dive-bomb or release torpedoes, as circumstances may dictate. The other three types (all American designs) can be used as fighter-bombers when necessary, and the effectiveness with which they meet any attempt by the Luftwaffe to interfere is most notable. On various occasions they have shot down Focke-Wulf and Messerschmitt machines. Ships from which these raids have been launched include the modern fleet aircraft carrier Victorious and her more antiquated consort, the Furious, together with the smaller American-built escort carriers Emperor, Fencer, Pursuer, Searcher and Striker.

Royal Navy Drops Shells on the Appian Way

AID FROM THE SEA to our land offensive in Italy was given by the 5,450-ton cruiser H.M.S. Dido, which, escorted by U.S. destroyers, on May 13, 1944, shelled the Appian Way (Highway 7, leading to Rome) in the Terracina area and also heavy enemy artillery opposing the 5th Army in the Gaeta sector. One of the destroyers (above) lays a smoke screen to cover the movements of the Dido, from whose bridge (below) the bombardment is directed by the Gunnery Officer (seated centre). Rear Adm. J. M. Mansfield is seen on right, in white tunic and steel helmet.

Photos, British Official

MOVING UP INTO BATTLE over the Cassino plain, massive Sherman tanks roll on to help smash the Germans at San Angelo, important village south of Cassino in the Gustav Line area. This photograph was taken during the early stages of the concerted Allied attack on the Gustav Line which commenced on May 11, 1944. Initially, in the Cassino plain push tanks took a primary part, advancing by day while the infantry moved up at night to consolidate. Against fanatical enemy resistance the Allied tanks and British and Indian infantry of the 8th Army stormed their way through barbed wire entanglements and minefields under a rain of fire directed against them from fortified enemy positions on the mountainside above. The key point of San Angelo fell on May 13.

Photo, British Official

They Plucked a German General Out of Crete

In truly audacious manner one of the most successful enterprises of Combined Operations was carried out on the night of April 26, 1944, when Maj.-Gen. Kreipe, commander of the 22nd Panzer Division in Crete, was spirited away by a small British patrol from the Nazi-occupied Greek island and transported to Egypt, and later to Britain, as a very chagrined prisoner of war.

IT now may be in the mind of Karl Heinrich Georg Ferdinand Kreipe that he was born under an unlucky star. For the superstitiously minded, that suspicion would seem to have foundation in the fact that he was a thirteenth child—in a family of fifteen. Born at Niederspier, in Thuringia, in 1895, he commenced his career in the German army in 1914. And now, on this April night of 1944, he was about to have that military career terminated for him in as dramatic a fashion as could well be devised.

His last-war record in France had been not undistinguished; and for services rendered to the Fuehrer as a regimental commander at Leningrad he had received the Knight's Cross. He had fought also in the Kuban bridgehead, and at Mariupol. His crowning triumph was but five weeks old. For that length of time he had been commander of the 22nd Panzer Grenadier Division (known as the Sebastopol Division) in Crete, and now he was being driven home from his headquarters to his villa (stolen from the Cretans in May 1941) in a luxurious car. Just a few miles south of Heraklion that villa lay, and he was accustomed to do the journey without escort; for what manner of harm could befall him from these islanders ground firmly beneath the German heel?

Nevertheless, befall him it did. The first intimation came in the sudden twinkling through the dusk of a red light swinging slowly in the centre of the lonely road. Unsuspected by Major-General Heinrich Kreipe, behind that waving light stood British officers operating under the command of General Sir Bernard Paget, C.-in-C., Middle East. They had been landed by the Royal Navy on a lonely part of the coast and had painstakingly reconnoitred the scene of their present exploit so that it was as familiar to them as their own home towns. The commander of the small raiding force was a major, with a captain of the Coldstream Guards as his assistant; names, for the time being, must be suppressed.

At the behest of the red traffic light the car-driver pulled up, the door of the car was wrenched open, and the officer who had been holding the lamp made a brief but staggering statement to the effect that the general must consider himself a prisoner. The sight of automatic weapons convinced Kreipe that this was no joke.

SWIFTLY the driver was bundled out of his seat to the back of the car, a British officer took the wheel, turned the car, and—the two prisoners carefully "covered" by their captors—drove off back through Heraklion, passing through 22 control posts without challenge from the sentries, the two pennants of a divisional commander flying from the bonnet ensuring safe passage.

They had no time to waste. They had another rendezvous to keep with the Royal Navy, at a spot 30 miles beyond Heraklion. At that point on the coast, where a vessel was waiting for them, the car was abandoned and the party embarked: the British joyously, the two Germans numbed with bewilderment. The last act of the small raiding force before leaving the island was to deposit in the car a sealed letter addressed to the German authorities:

"Gentlemen,—Your divisional commander, Kreipe, was captured a short time ago by a British raiding force under our command. By the time you read this he and we will be on our way to Cairo. We would like to point out most emphatically that this operation has been carried out without the help of Cretans or Cretan Partisans, and the only guides used were serving soldiers of His Hellenic Majesty's forces in the Middle East.

"Your general is an honourable prisoner of war, and will be treated with all the consideration due to his rank. Any reprisals against the local population will be wholly unwarranted and unjust. Auf Baldiges Wiedersehen (I see you soon).—Signed, Major, Commanding Raiding Forces, and Capt., Coldstream Guards. P.S.—We are very sorry to leave this motor-car behind."

GENERAL HEINRICH KREIPE, until recently Nazi Commander in Crete (right), photographed on his arrival in Cairo as a prisoner of war. The astonishing story of his surprise capture on the island by a small British raiding force is given in this page. It was announced on May 25 that the captive general had arrived in Britain by air. *Photo, British Official*

TOUGH GREEK GUERILLA FIGHTERS in Crete wage ceaseless war against the despoilers of their country, swooping down from mountain hide-outs in fierce sorties which keep the enemy constantly on the jump. The German authorities strongly suspected them of complicity in the kidnapping of the commander of the island's military garrison, as related here. *Photo, Greek Official*

And the general's reactions? When he had recovered somewhat from his astonishment he ventured, "This puts me in a very difficult position. I have lost my job and have no responsibilities left. This is going to be a great strain for me. I don't know how I'll employ my time."

Meanwhile, discovery of the abandoned car had set the Germans a first-class problem. The letter did nothing to enlighten them as to the tactics employed to bring about this almost incredible coup. It did not seem possible that the kidnapping could have been conducted without local help or that the general could have been taken far—in spite of the assertion in the letter.

THE Cretan guerillas were strongly suspect. After the seizure of the island by the Nazis in the spring of 1941 the invaders found themselves continually harassed by these intrepid fighters. From end to end of the island the guerillas ranged, taking nightly toll of the enemy's posts and destroying communications. Harsh repressive measures were adopted against them, by strong forces sent for that purpose in 1942; but the spirit of the guerilla bands remained unbroken.

Was this present "outrage" to be credited to them? The afternoon after the abduction leaflets showered down upon Crete's hillsides and coast, informing all whom it might concern that bandits had captured the general, that his whereabouts must be known to the population, and that unless he were handed back to the authorities within three days all the local villages of Heraklion province would be razed to the ground. So far as is at present known, the threat has not been carried out. And still the Germans are wondering as to the precise purpose behind this abduction of one of their generals.

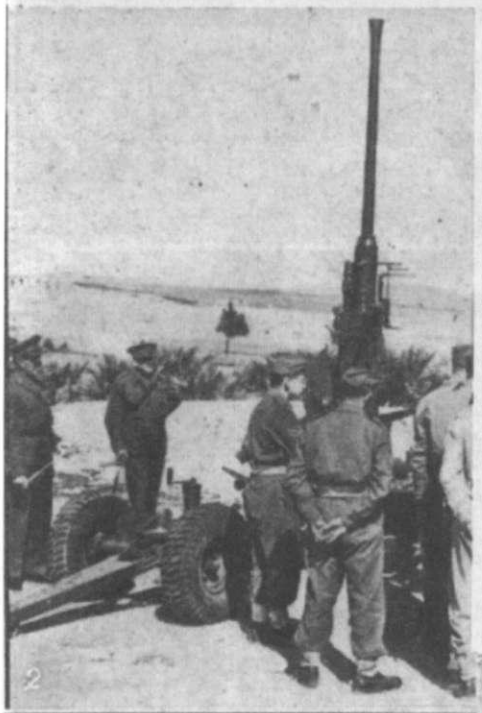
Workers Step-up Production on Soviet Farms

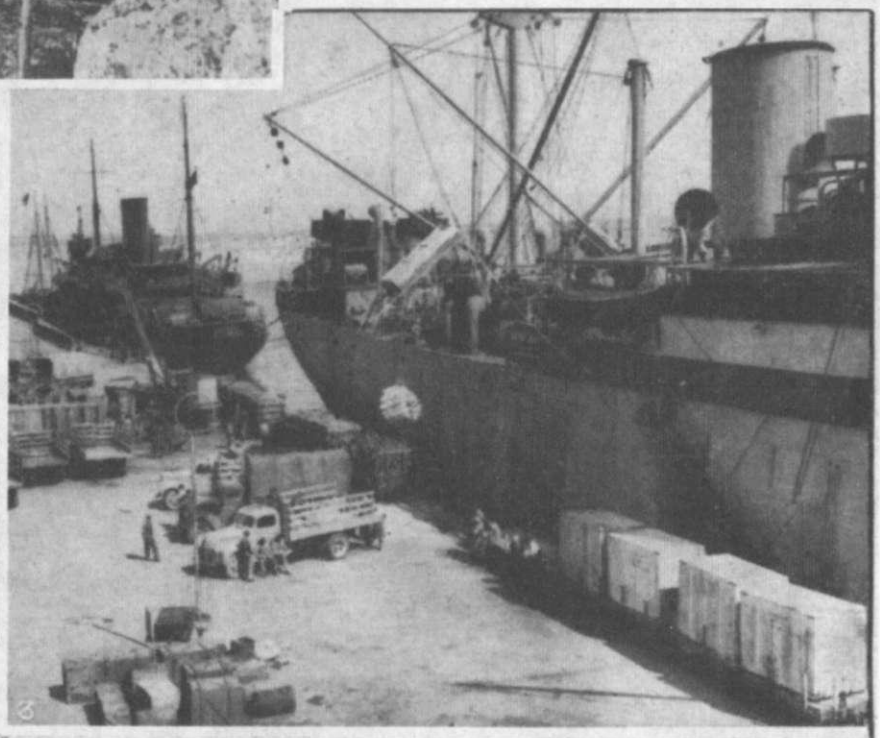
BACKING RUSSIA in her mighty war effort, Soviet collective farmers are striving valiantly to increase production. Notable contributors are the Soviet Central Asian republics, principal of which is Uzbekistan; it supplies more than 50 per cent of the Soviet Union's raw cotton and is the main source of rice supply.

Women, old men and children work on the Uzbekistan collective farms. A nurse of a workers' crêche takes care of baby for mother (1). Sturdy schoolgirls help to remove soil from newly dug irrigation ditches (2). Local ancients have patriotically formed themselves into a special Old Ploughmen's Brigade (3). Expert milkmaid evacuated from the Ukraine, Martha Ivanova (4) is instructor in an Uzbek village. At the dinner-time break, women field workers listen to the latest war news read by their leader (5).

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Britain's Colonies in the War: No. 10—Cyprus





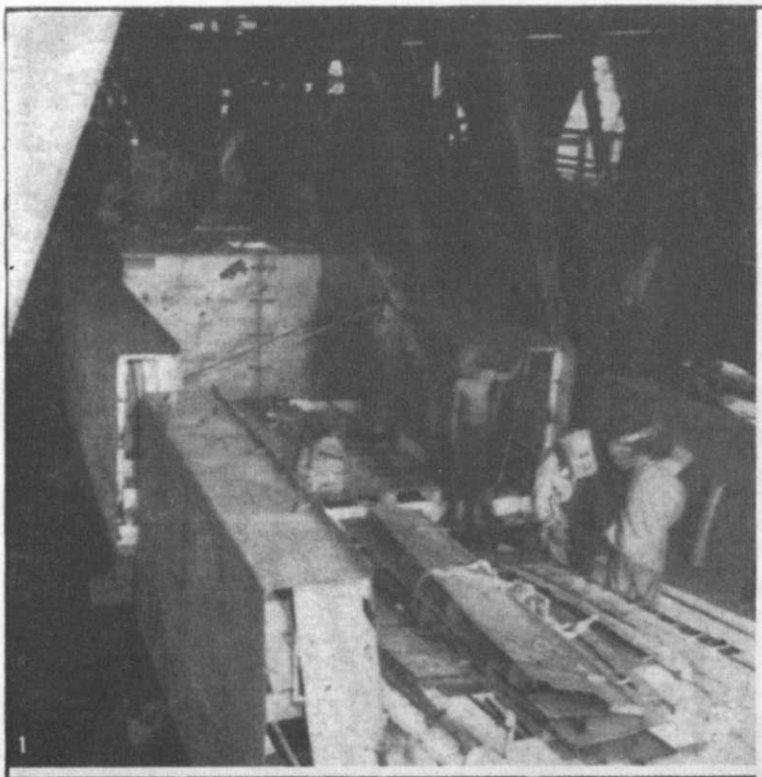
STRATEGIC STRONG-POINT in the Eastern Mediterranean, Cyprus, which proved a deterrent bastion against further German progress in the area during the critical days of the African campaign, has been a British colony since 1925. The island, 3,572 square miles in extent, is chiefly an agricultural producer, sending fruit and vegetables to help feed our Middle East armies and also to Britain. Among other war materials produced are quantities of asbestos and chrome.

Contribution of a high order in the active war theatres has been made by the Cyprus Regiment (comprising transport and pioneer companies) which has served in Greece, Crete, Egypt, Libya and Abyssinia ; it was the first colonial regiment to contact the enemy in France.

Unloading stores on the quayside at Famagusta, the island's chief port (3). British gunners of the A.A. defences receive instruction in the use of field radio transmission sets designed to increase their already high efficiency as marksmen (1), while another "class" of men handle a light Bofors gun, watched by General Sir Bernard C. T. Paget, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., C.-in-C. Middle East Forces (2, carrying cane), during a tour of inspection. On the ancient ramparts of Famagusta, men of a naval signals post keep watch (4).

Photos, British Official

New Guinea Shipyard Speeds Pacific Offensive



IN A CLEARING IN DENSE JUNGLE on the New Guinea coast, U.S. Army engineers have set up a miniature shipyard for the quick assembly of newly-arrived L.C.M.s (Landing Craft, Motors) which are delivered there in crated sections. These are moved into position at the yard (1), a motor is unpacked (2), and a bow section is swung into place (3). The completed L.C.M.s will play their part in Allied operations aimed at driving the last Japanese out of the last acre of captured territory in the Pacific.

Photos, Planet News

Here the Allies Prepare for a Last Round-up

FURTHER SPECTACULAR BLOW TO THE JAPANESE in the Pacific was achieved by the great Allied landing at Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea, on April 22, 1944, which has since proved a lever for the splitting-up and reduction to scattered groups of enemy strength in that area and in British New Guinea, at Madang, where an Australian force is advancing along the coast.

Since the Hollandia fighting further progressive steps have been made in the landing on Wakde Island and the mainland coast opposite, 125 miles west of Hollandia, on May 19 ; and on Biak Island in the Schoutens group, 200 miles west of Wakde, on May 27. Control of Biak Island with its three airstrips commanding the western tip of New Guinea may give the final impetus needed for the successful conclusion of the Solomons, Bismarck Archipelago and New Guinea campaign.

BY DUG-OUT CANOE Australians cross a jungle river (1). Taking advantage of a pause in the pursuit of the enemy, a group of Allied soldiers (including Australians, Dutch and Americans) have a yarn and a smoke (2). "Corduroy" roads made from coconut tree logs provide the only possible path for transport over swamp land (3). An Australian examines Dutch New Guinea paper money, part of his Army pay (4). Natives receive treatment from an R.A.A.F. doctor (5).

Photos, Australian Government

Background of the Fleet Air Arm's Success

Acting extremely important roles behind the scenes in dramatic performances of our naval aircraft are indefatigable research workers, tireless experimenters, daring test pilots, skilled mechanics who repair damaged planes. Varied activities of these "silent men" who help to keep the Fleet Air Arm flying and always up to scratch are dealt with here by JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON.

SINCE they received new types of aircraft the Fleet Air Arm have daily become more prominent, their daring exploits paving the way for more than one Royal Navy victory. It is generally recognized that aircrews of the Fleet Air Arm are among the best trained and most efficient in the world, yet behind these flying-sailors is a band of silent men with one main task: to keep the F.A.A. flying, and make sure that their "wings" are kept in tip-top condition.

One of the best known of these "silent men" is Vice-Admiral Bell Davies, V.C., who commands the Royal Navy's test aircraft carrier, H.M.S. Pretoria Castle. This vessel, used for a short time as a luxury liner before the war, on the South African route, operated as an armed merchant-cruiser in the South Pacific late in 1939 and early in 1940. Then it was decided to make her a test aircraft carrier. Her superstructure was removed, the builders commenced work, and the Pretoria Castle took her present shape.

ABOARD this special vessel Vice-Admiral Bell Davies, in the course of a single day, must watch some of the most amazing landings in the world. Great experiments have taken place aboard her; experiments that have played a part in the advance of the Fleet Air Arm, and added hitting power to the machines they fly into battle.

Before any new type of plane takes its place in the Fleet Air Arm's armoury it is tested aboard the Pretoria Castle, whose Commander of Flying is that distinguished young officer, Commander Peter Bramwell, D.S.O., D.S.C., considered by many to be one of the greatest naval aviators in the world. The Commander, who has over 2,000 flying hours to his credit, has tested everything from Mae West lifebelts to aircraft due to be sent into action. He has also operated from the Ark Royal, fought in the skies over the beaches of Dunkirk, and was the first to land a Spitfire on the deck of an aircraft carrier.

When it was realized that the Fleet Air Arm would have to have an improved fighter to defend convoys, experts thought it impossible because of landing speed. But Commander Peter Bramwell had other ideas. For two weeks he practised landing on the tarmac of a Fleet Air Arm service station. Then he landed on the dummy deck laid out on the station. Then, his great moment, he brought the "Spit" down safely aboard the test carrier.

VICE-ADMIRAL R. B. DAVIES, V.C., C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C., R.N., one of the most senior pilots in the Fleet Air Arm. Formerly Rear-Admiral Commanding Naval Air Stations, he retired in 1941, went to sea again as a Convoy Commodore, and now commands H.M.S. Pretoria Castle. *Photo, British Official*

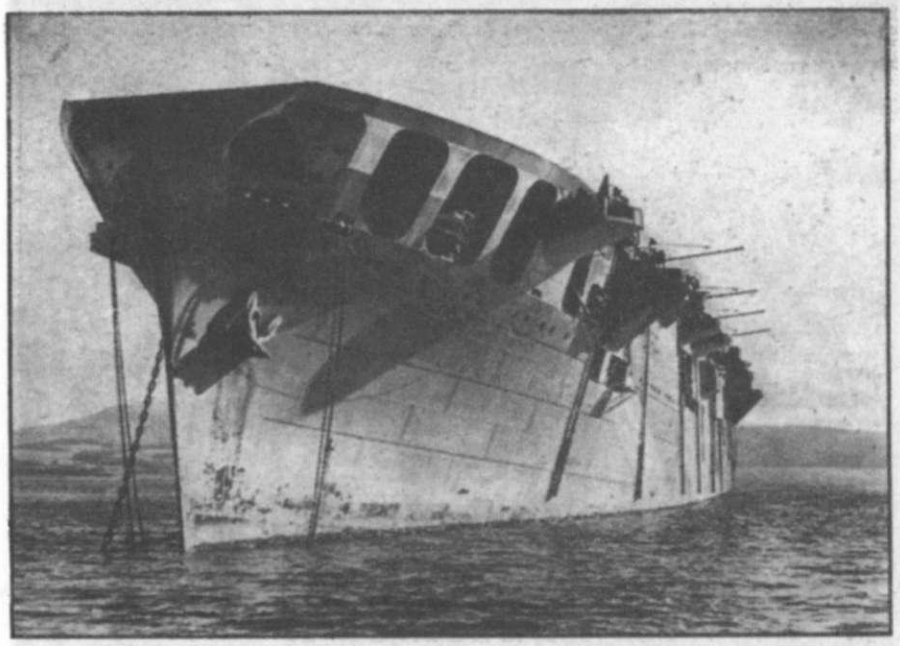
THERE are many other men upon the Pretoria Castle who have a love for naval aviation, and are willing to risk their lives so that our high standards can always be improved upon. H.M.S. Pretoria Castle, test carrier, may not have the glamour of the late Ark Royal, but because of the skill of those who work aboard her Britain's floating aerodromes are now among the finest in the world.

Another strange ship that plays an important part in the activities of the Fleet Air Arm is H.M.S. Merlin. A rating aboard this craft once said to me: "I'd rather serve on her than most ships, for it'd take a big torpedo to reach you up there." You see, the Merlin is a large Fleet Air Arm airfield in the north, where they have some of the finest workshops of their kind in the world. About 1,500 civilian workers are employed there, 400 of them women.

CAPTAIN R. D. Nicholson, in command of the Merlin, has under him a staff which can deal with every type of aircraft used by the Fleet. Planes that have been damaged in action, crashed, or are due for overhaul come in regularly. Rare is it that the workers aboard have a minute to spare, owing to the increased tempo of the war at sea. The aim of all these workers, who are made to feel that they are part of the Royal Navy, is to put into the air the perfect aeroplane. And they do!

COMMANDER P. BRAMWELL, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., under whom the experienced teams of Fleet Air Arm pilots and observers of H.M.S. Pretoria Castle carry out tasks on which much of our air striking power at sea depends. He was the first man to land a Spitfire on an aircraft carrier's deck. *Photo, British Official*

NEARLY every Fleet Air Arm machine, whether or not it is damaged, goes to H.M.S. Merlin after it has flown 240 hours to undergo a major inspection. This means, for the most part, that the plane is taken to pieces, each bit is carefully examined, and then the aircraft is rebuilt. Before the planes are sent back for active service they are handed over to a band of first-class test pilots —now serving as officers in the Fleet Air Arm —who put them through their paces and make sure they are perfect. In fact, efficiency and perfection are the two words that stand out for everyone to see in H.M.S. Merlin.



ONCE A LUXURY LINER, H.M.S. Pretoria Castle now has a big war job to do as an experimental aircraft carrier from whose decks aircraft and all the many adjuncts to flying at sea are given exacting tests. On board the Pretoria Castle representatives of British and American aircraft industries can watch their products under test; manufacturers and aircrews can then pool improvement suggestions on the spot. *Photo, British Official*

Photo, U.S. Official

San Giorgio's Bell May Yet Ring for Victory

In a battered street of San Giorgio in the Liri Valley, south of Cassino, where despite the ruin of the church the bell still hangs in the tower, American and French tanks and armoured cars assemble prior to attacking the next objective. San Giorgio had been successfully stormed by French troops of the 5th Army on May 15, 1944. By May 26 the entire original German defence line across Italy was shattered and the enemy was withdrawing to the north and west.

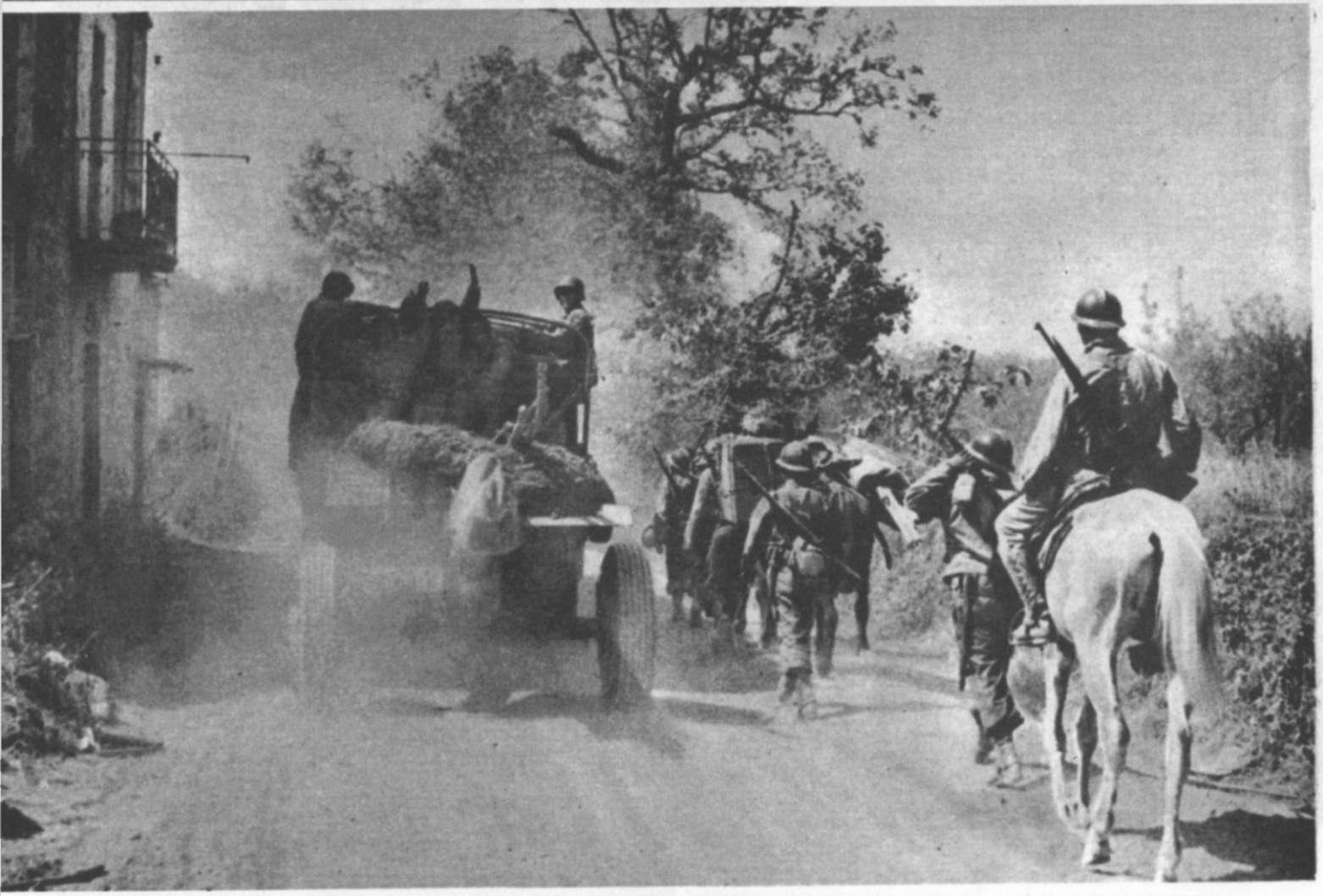
From Strong Defences German Hordes are Hurled—

Scrap-iron for battlefield salvage collectors is this knocked-out German tank (1) in the Ausente Valley, north of Cassino; 2¼ miles south of that shattered town, in San Angelo, the crew of a 6-pounder anti-tank gun (2) hold themselves in readiness. Beyond San Angelo, taken by Indian troops of the 8th Army on May 13, 1944, after bitter fighting in caves and cellars, men of a Priest self-propelled gun snatch brief rest after a heavy night barrage (3).

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; U.S. Official

—As 8th Army Smashes Through the Gustav Line

Waiting for glimpse of enemy movement is this British sniper (4) in the ruins of San Angelo. Beyond lies Pignaturo, on a steep rocky crag honeycombed with caves, hammered for months by our long-range artillery, and stormed by Indian troops on May 16, 1944; this (5) was the town's main thoroughfare. Entrenched in a lane-side (6) during fighting which led to the capture of San Angelo and Pignaturo. The Hitler Line, beyond, was pierced on May 23.



Our French Allies Score Notable Victories

Photos, British Official Crown Copyright

In the early stages of the breaking of the Gustav Line, French troops of the 5th Army, operating in a mountainous sector south of the Liri Valley, seized the dominating height of Mt. Majo, then captured San Ambrogio and Ausonia. French gunners armed with shovels (top) pass a crippled German Mark III tank as they move on to choose and prepare a new gun site. Their guns and stores pass through the village of Castelforte, which was occupied by U.S. tanks of the 5th Army on May 13.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

DAVID GARRICK was watching Kitty Clive on the stage. He followed her movements with admiring eye. He listened to her voice, entranced by its variety and charm. At last he turned round to someone who sat with him in the stage box. "Dammit," he burst out, "she could act a gridiron!"

I feel much the same kind of envious delight in Captain Liddell Hart's new book. It is about war. It is called Thoughts on War (Faber, 15/-). Most people's thoughts on that topic would be jejune and depressing. This book is alive on every page, tingling with vigour, suggesting trains of reflection which lead one far from the battlefield; offering comments on life, as well as instruction for dealing out death most effectively, which make it, open where you will, a philosophical, historical, topical volume of value to every intelligent man, woman, and I had almost added "child."

For its simplicity is one of its chief virtues. There is no attempt at fine writing. No wrapping-up of ordinary statements in technical language in order to make them appear profound. Liddell Hart is an artist in words. His Yea is Yea and his Nay, Nay. He never leaves you in doubt as to his meaning. He never fears, for example, to show up the weakness of the military imagination, the dullness of the military mind.

As to Tanks, he is painfully frank. He quotes without comment (none is required!) the War Office docket on a design sent in before 1914: "The man's mad." He notes Kitchener's opinion of the Tank when he first saw one: "A pretty mechanical toy, but such machines would never win a war." The head of the Royal Engineers, who are supposed to be brainier than other branches of the Army, said, when shown the early designs, that they were in "the realms of imagination, not of solid fact."

> Similar blindness marked the attitude of even the more thoughtful among leading soldiers to the possibilities of the air. When Foch watched the 1910 Circuit of the East in France, which proved the reliability of the new invention, he exclaimed: "That is good sport, but for the Army the aeroplane is no use."

Liddell Hart liked soldiering. He was sorry to be invalided out of the Army. But he has come to see more and more that officers "seal up parts of their mind."

> The Army for all its good points is a cramping place for a thinking man. As I have seen too often, such a man chafes and goes—or else decays. And the root of the trouble is the Army's rooted fear of the truth. Romantic fiction is the soldierly taste. The heads of the Army talk much of developing character yet deaden it—frowning on the younger men who show promise of the personality necessary for command, and the originality necessary for surprise . . . There are few commanders in our higher command.

Most of them are "desperately conventional" and in war "recklessly cautious." I knew many staff officers and made acquaintance with a good few of our generals during the 1914 war. I know how right Liddell Hart is. With a few exceptions such as "Tim" Harrington and Thomson, who became Air Minister for a short while, they were none of them "educated truly for a higher role than that of brigade or divisional commanders, where the need for scientific calculation and imagination is preponderant over that for fighting qualities." How Montgomery, who is unconventional in so many ways, attained the front rank I cannot guess. Both in our Army and the American there is a strong preference for "regular guys"—that is, men who live by rule, do what they are told and ask no questions, respect tradition, worship the God of Things as They Are.

So far as I can judge this is not so in the Red Army. It is nearly ten years since I was in Russia, and it is hard to know what to believe if you aren't on the spot to check

Can We Get Rid of War?

statements made in books and papers by personal observation. But there does seem in the Russian Army to be a preference for "irregular guys." It is often asked, "Why have the Russians done so much better against the Germans this time than they did last time?" The reason appears to me to be simple. The Tsar's officers were a social caste, like ours used to be—and in some degree still are. If you doubt this, look at a number of soldiers in any train or bus or on any railway station, and see if you have any difficulty in separating officers from privates. You probably won't have!

In the new Russian army there is almost no difference. I have seen generals sitting in theatres next to privates. I remember noticing on a Kiev railway platform the last time I was in that fascinating city a colonel with a fine bushy beard seeing somebody off. In the carriage with the somebody were some soldiers. He chatted to them in a friendly way. He would have been horrified by the admission which a Guardee officer made to Liddell Hart that "Guards discipline is frankly based on fear." That can be justified only by regarding the "other ranks" as lower animals. "Not a pleasant attitude, and historically unsound."

Now that all our officers must pass through the ranks before being given commissions the notion "gentlemen must lead" will be forgotten. We shall be able to draw on a vastly larger pool for our military leaders—not limit ourselves to a small number drawn from the upper and middle classes, but pick out brains and initiative from pretty well the entire youth of the country.

I say "we shall be able to do this." I cannot assert that we shall do it. The Civil Service has not perceptibly altered since it was thrown open to competition, in which boys who started from elementary schools gained many of the top places. Sir James Grigg was one; he has not made any changes in War Office methods, either as permanent secretary or as Parliamentary chief.

Liddell Hart is not sanguine about this being the last war. Indeed, he assumes all through that there will be other wars. He does not throw his *Thoughts* into the form of a treatise or an argument or even a survey. He just selects them from his writings between 1919 and 1939, groups them under certain headings, and prints them piecemeal. This makes the book unusually interesting as a browsing ground for minds in search of nutrition, and also makes it easy to read.

It has this advantage too. He can return again and again to a subject at intervals, without any danger of wearying the reader by a long-drawn-out disquisition. Thus he hovers frequently round the query, Can we get rid of war? Yet he does not sum up all the pros and cons so as to strike a balance. He leaves us to do that for ourselves.

On the dispute whether war can be made to pay, he is inclined to take the side of Sir Norman Angell, who wrote The Great Illusion 35 years ago, to show that it could not. But he "still has a doubt whether war could not be made to pay—by a new Bismarck who had both the power and the calculating intelligence to control and to stop it at the point where extra expenditure promised no adequate return." Hitler fancied he could play this part. He offered to end the war after he had overrun Poland in the autumn of 1939. Bismarck would not have been so silly as to think he could do that. "No acquisitive State is likely," the book says, "to embark on war unless it has reason to believe that it will gain an adequate result for its efforts." Bismarck had good reason to believe in 1870 that he could defeat the French and, as one result, create the German Empire. Hitler believed he could by a succession of rapid blows knock out both France and Britain. He was right about France, but ludicrously wrong about Britain. His most astounding miscalculation was his notion that he could annihilate the Russian armies in a few weeks. "A man who is partly blind is not likely to see clearly in any direction," says Liddell Hart. He is speaking of dictators, blinded by ambition and conceit. Some who call themselves democrats have their eyes weakened also.

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE RED ARMY AND NAVY know how to relax as well as fight: during a lull a navy man entertains comrades of all ranks with a traditional dance. Soviet Forces discipline is strong, but the genuine comradeship referred to in this page prevails above all else. *Photo, Planet News*

How 5th Army Linked up with Anzio Beach-head

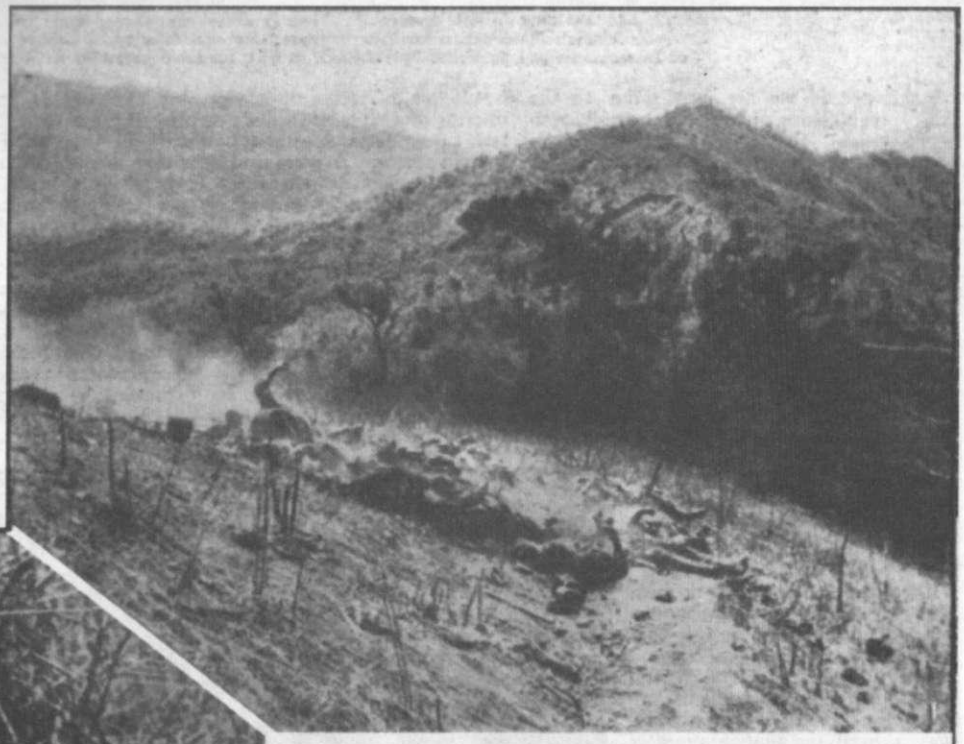
DRAMATIC MEETING of troops from the main 5th Army in Italy with patrols from the Anzio beach-head took place at 7.30 a.m. on May 25, 1944—an outstanding event in the campaign's history. General Mark Clark, Commander of the 5th Army (centre), is seen at the meeting place surrounded by cheering British and U.S. soldiers (1). A British beach-head sergeant greets his U.S. opposite number from the main 5th Army forces (2). First British armoured car to arrive at the spot was "overwhelmed" by our triumphant troops (3). On the road near the meeting-place soldiers exchange stories and cigarettes after the link-up (4).

Photos, British Official and British Newsreels

Allied Units Blast Japanese on the Burma Fronts

MONSOON WEATHER, prevailing between June and September, precludes until the end of the latter month possibility of startling developments in the Burma campaign, which has see-sawed backwards and forwards for many weeks over a large area, with the Allies making, on the whole, slow but sure gains against the Japanese invaders. Having secured a foothold on Indian territory in the Manipur State, near Imphal (the main Allied base), the enemy dug in against pressure from General Slim's 14th Army. Other Allied units operating inside Burma had made good progress. It was announced on June 6, 1944, that in North Burma Americans, Chinese and Chindits and levies commanded by General Stilwell were closing their grip on the three main Japanese bases—at Myitkyina, at Mogaung and at Kamaing, a triangle in which the enemy is fighting a losing battle.

While no great Allied advance is to be expected until the monsoon months are ended, it is believed that by then the South-East Asia Command will be fully prepared to strike directly and heavily at the centres of Japanese occupation in Burma.



DURING SEVERE FIGHTING in the Imphal area, men of a West Country regiment swept the Japanese from "Nippon Peak," a hill of strategic importance overlooking the Tamu supply road used by our forces. After the battle, enemy dead were cremated on the slopes of the hill (1). With the Japanese only a few hundred yards away in the jungle, Gurkhas cut bamboo stakes with their kukris to form a protective barrier for their newly won position (2). Camouflaged from air observation is this British gun emplacement from which Japanese positions in the Imphal plain were blasted (3). Men of the 13th Frontier Force Rifles, some concealed in fox-holes from which they had ejected their opponents, cover infantrymen engaged in the unpleasant but necessary task of collecting enemy dead who fell during the Nippon Peak action (4).

Photos, Indian Official

This Is how We Mobilized for Total War

Those who toil in "civvies" or dungarees have seldom been exposed to the searchlight of publicity. Not that they do not deserve it. That is made abundantly clear in Manpower: The Story of Britain's Mobilization for War (prepared for the Ministry of Labour by the Ministry of Information and published by H.M.S.O. at 9d.), reviewed below by E. ROYSTON PIKE.

As a people we are not given to the revolutions of barricades and bloodshed. The only revolution that is mentioned in most English history-books was a very quiet and gentlemanly affair, William taking the place of James with hardly a ruffle on the surface of contemporary life. There have been other revolutions—not political, but social and economic, as when the medieval system of husbandry was converted into one in which sheep-farming was predominant, and that other and much more important, when the agricultural England of the 18th century became the urbanized and industrialized England that we have inherited. There is yet another revolution, the one we are living through at present. It may be said to have begun on May 22, 1940, when the Emergency Powers (Defence) Act passed through all its stages in both Houses of Parliament and received the Royal Assent.

It was quick work, such as must have surprised and confounded those who used to argue that parliament is old and creaking and cannot do its job. That it can move quickly, as speedily as any vauntedly-efficient dictatorship, was proved on that May afternoon. The circumstances admittedly were conducive to instant action. The French were already showing signs of collapse, Mr. Churchill had flown to Paris to stiffen their faltering resistance, the German hordes were pouring over the French plains and rivers, the grim spectre of invasion was already threatening us from across the Channel. The hour called for rapid decisions, for determined measures. The call was answered. "It is necessary," said Mr. Attlee, the Leader of the House, "that the Government should be given complete control over persons and property, not just some persons of some particular class of the community, but all persons, rich and poor, employer and workman, man or woman, and all property." With no opposition the Government's proposals were accepted: on the very same afternoon a regulation was issued under the Act empowering the Minister of Labour and National Service "to direct any person in the United Kingdom to perform such services in the United Kingdom as might be specified in the direction."

Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, Britain's Minister of Labour (centre), watches a group of girl trainees and their instructor at a work-bench in an L.C.C. Technical Institute where the girls are being taught war jobs. Similar institutes and technical training centres all over the country have turned out thousands of skilled workers. *Photo, Fox*

Such vast powers over life (and property) had never before been entrusted to any British Government, to any Minister of the Crown. One unacquainted with our thoughts and ways might be forgiven for assuming that on May 22, 1940 we became a totalitarian country, since in law everybody and anybody were henceforth liable to be "directed" to any job that Mr. Bevin or his officers might think fit. But Hitler bludgeoned his way to power; in Britain, power over our lives and property was freely given for the time being to the Government so that victory might be won, and that most speedily and surely.

Our liberties are not lost, but merely in abeyance; and even though there have been complaints of individual cases of hardship and misdirection, the Minister's most bitter critic could not in truth accuse him of flouting the wishes of organized labour, of neglecting to secure the co-operation of the employers, of acting undemocratically in the interest of a class or faction, or of showing a lack of understanding and sympathy for the human factor. A great and possibly thankless task was thrust upon Mr. Bevin's broad shoulders; and perhaps the greatest tribute that can be paid to him is that it is difficult to suggest any other figure in the world of industry, whether on the masters' side or on the men's, who would or could have made of the business a better job.

Immediately the powers were granted the mobilization of Britain's labour-power began. The result may be expressed in figures, though figures are bare and unrevealing things when taken by themselves. Out of Britain's 33,100,000 persons between the ages of 14 and 64, nearly 23 millions are "gainfully employed," whether in the armed forces at home and abroad, in civil defence, in industries directly devoted to the satisfaction of war needs or in those industries and services which are deemed to be necessary for the carrying on of civilian existence. Of the 17,200,000 women included in the group nearly ten million are occupied in essential household duties, and many of these are in paid employment, full or part-time, while another million are rendering voluntary service.

Some seven million women are in industry or the Forces. There are nine million children to be looked after, usually by women. Furthermore, about a million men and women of 65 and over are engaged in paid employment. By the middle of 1943 there were 1,200,000 more men employed on making munitions than at the end of the last war; and the proportion of women aged 14 to 59 in the Forces, munitions, and essential industries is about double the proportion of 1918. More than twice as many married women and widows are employed today as before the war. Indeed, 90 per cent of the single women of 18 to 40, and 80 per cent of the married women and widows without dependent children are in the Forces or industry. No other country, it may be said, has mobilized its womanhood on such a scale as Britain.

This mobilization of women was a new and particularly tricky business. Women who not long ago were shop assistants or domestic servants, waitresses or chorus girls, manicurists or hairdressers, housewives in cottage or mansion, are now working to produce aircraft and tanks, guns, bombs, and shells. They have stepped into the shoes of men who have gone to the war. They are doing jobs such as have never fallen to woman's lot in all the many hundred years of our history. Millions of women have been placed in war jobs that were not of their own choosing. A new distinction has been introduced, one between "mobile" and "immobile" women, the latter being those who because of their domestic responsibilities cannot be given jobs away from their own area. A very large proportion of women are in this category, most of them married women engaged in household duties, often with children under 14; and women whose husbands are at home, even when their domestic duties are not such as to prevent their taking a war job, are not asked to go to work beyond daily travelling distance.

But also included among the "immobiles" are the wives of men serving in the Forces and the Mercantile Marine. Some of these may have no children, domestic duties, or indeed little to keep them busy; but they have not been sent to work in districts away from their homes because of their husbands' fear that their homes would be broken up in their absence. All the same, as everyone knows, the great majority of Servicemen's wives are at work. Many of them (let it be added) are at work when they would be better employed looking after their young children at home—but they have to go out to work to supplement their allowances.

If the mobilization of women has been the most remarkable, the most startling, of the changes brought about by the industrial mobilization, there are many others that will not escape the attention of the social and economic historian. Trade Unionism is now most definitely "on the map": the trade union official has a recognized part to play in the nation's economic life. Casual labour at the docks and in such industries as building has been practically abolished.

Wage rates have increased pretty generally, and actual wages earned show a great advance over pre-war. Working conditions have been vastly improved (though much remains to be bettered). Millions of meals are served every day in works' canteens; and "music while you work" has become a recognized institution. The welfare officer is now to be found in every large works, and many local authorities have established wartime nurseries for the reception of children of women engaged in full- or part-time work. Hostels have been opened in all parts of the country, in which thousands of "mobile" women and girls have made a home from home.

These are just some aspects of the change that has come over Britain since that afternoon a little more than four years ago. Some of them we may regret, but taken all in all, the story of how Britain mobilized her men and women in the Second Great War is one of which we may well be proud.

Welfare of Our Wartime Working Millions

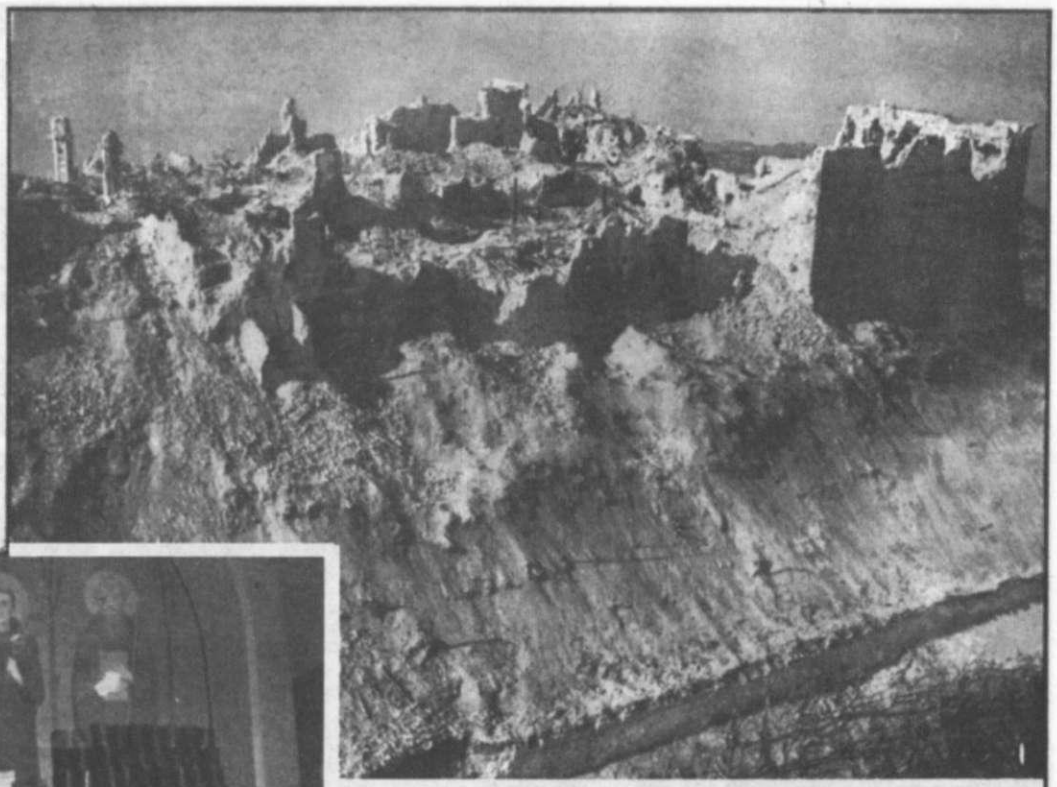
IN BRITAIN'S WAR-GEARED FACTORIES everything possible is done to ensure for the workers conditions as nearly ideal as can be contrived. Relaxation is of first importance, and here munitions girls in free moments enjoy a game of darts.| (1). Nurseries care for working mothers' babies (2). Modern kitchens provide good, cheap food (3) and concerts are arranged for workers at meal-times (5). Well-equipped medical clinics are always ready to deal swiftly and expertly with minor injuries (4). See also facing page.

Photos, British Official, Fox, Illustrated

At the End of the Great Battle for Cassino Hill

BARRIER TO OUR PROGRESS in Italy for long months, Cassino town and the monastery-fortress on the hill above it fell to the 8th Army on May 18, 1944. British troops captured the town, Poles took the hill and all that remained of the monastery (1). Its chapel altar had been piled high by the Germans with tinned food and boxes of ammunition (2); an Allied soldier examines a basket of shells in a mortar position in the courtyard (3), from which the enemy had fired on our troops; and on shelves more mortar shells were found (5), further proof of the manner in which the Nazis had turned a sacred edifice into a fortress and made its reduction by the Allies a necessity. Some Polish infantry, recovering from the last bitter fight, rest in the catacombs (4); a mine detector—one which helped to clear the path to victory—leans against the wall behind them. See story in facing page.

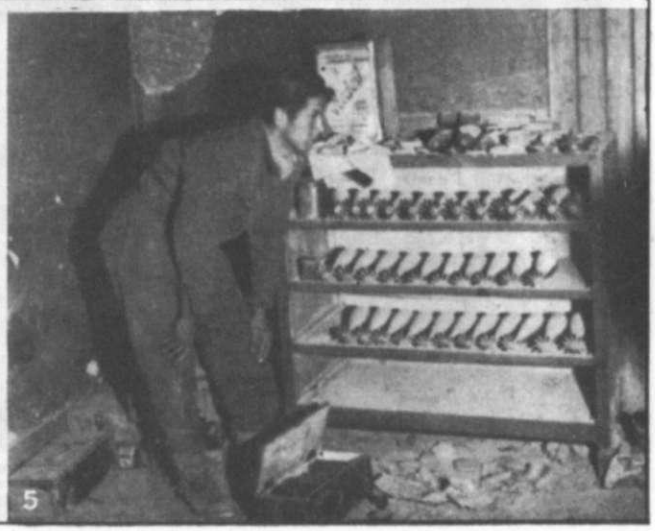
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright


1

2

3

4


5

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

Things I Saw in Battle-Smashed Cassino Abbey

Dating his dispatch from Cassino, Italy, on May 19, 1944, John Redfern sent to the Daily Express this account of his visit to the remains of that historic building in the Gustav Line around and about which bitter battle for so long raged. See also facing page.

THE Abbey was sealed off today while Polish soldiers groped in the masses of fallen stone for delayed-action explosives, ammunition dumps, or paratroopers in hiding. The searchers have already discovered that the Germans put some prepared charges under the ruins, but they did not blow them when they left to surrender. Although the British and Polish flags flutter on the top of the highest remaining fragment of wall of the buildings, it is conceivable that there are still odd Germans in hiding under the tortured masonry.

This was shown last night when 40 paratroopers sneaked out of the cellars under the main part of the Abbey or the pill-boxes near it. They were fully armed. But the sentries were waiting for this kind of thing. They challenged the moving shadows. As soon as the Germans realized the Poles had seen them, they threw down their arms and surrendered. Odd Germans may still be hid away living on tinned food in the hope of a chance of getting out during the night.

They know that on the surface sentries cannot use lights because of enemy observers on Monte Cairo, which is three times higher than Abbey Hill. It is believed that underground ammunition stores may yet be discovered. One of the prisoners volunteered that at the surrender the Abbey garrison had enough ammunition for a month and supplies for 1,000 men. All this explains why from today onwards strict control is being applied to all "arrivals" at the Abbey. Officers who want to drop in for the purpose of telling a traveller's tale afterwards in their mess will not be allowed to go up.

A colleague and I were the last of the visitors today. We had to leave the jeep and clamber for one hour and a half over loose stones. It was essential to follow the broad white ribbon, blood-splashed in many places, to keep on the track free of mines or booby traps. This white tape follows on to a part the Poles now call "The Lane of the Dead Men." Here today the bodies of the Polish soldiers who fell near the monastery were being collected, labelled and covered with blankets, before burial in the hillside soldiers' cemetery. Each Polish grave there has a bottle rammed neck-down into the soil in front of a wooden cross. Inside the whisky bottle or beer bottle, or anything obtainable, is a piece of paper with the details of how the soldier fell.

ON up the white tape line, with hesitant moments occasionally where the tape disappeared, we climbed into the Abbey building after several attempts. On the last lap the rubble was pounded into powder, and I slipped back several times. War has ravaged the Abbey. The Germans have turned it into a gigantic ash-can. At the foot of one fine stairway are thousands of empty tins. The great and graceful font in the baptistry is filled with used plates, greasy and dust-covered. In what was the forecourt the scene is a mixture of Salvador Dali and a nightmare.

A few feet from the great headless statue of Saint Michael is the abbot's motor-car buried in rubble so that only the back of the saloon is visible. Upside down near the car is a wooden pushcart for a child. A pace or two on there is a gold and white chasuble, a vestment used by the priest celebrating mass, which has been slashed and then flung across broken columns. These Germans did not let the religious significance of many things in here worry them. One fellow had the altar cloth as coverlet for his bed. Near the bed of another was a chalice, which seemed to have served as a shaving vessel.

Candlesticks, fractured and battered, lie among the stones. But they were damaged probably by bombs. Other ecclesiastical vestments—amices, albs and stoles—are scattered about. Someone flung a purple stole out of the window so that it dangled from a corner. Not all the removals had been wanton. The Germans had taken a silver Christ and fastened the figure to a rough wooden cross above a mound of soldiers' graves amid the ruins. I met another soldier who was taking away a cross. He was a Pole, a good Catholic. "We borrow this for our soldiers' chapel," he said, "we have so little there."

The monastery is too wrecked to make it possible to pick out parts of it without a plan. But in what appeared to be the monks' rooms, or perhaps the sacristies, I found an Italian copy of the Forsyte Saga, a 1,000-page encyclopedia through which a bullet had passed, and, scattered around, packets of ultramarine blue and other colours for illuminating missals and the like. They must have been badly served for light, but that was well for them in this gaping skeleton of a building. Down here there is plenty of space between the low iron-framed beds which they had evidently collected from the monks' quarters.

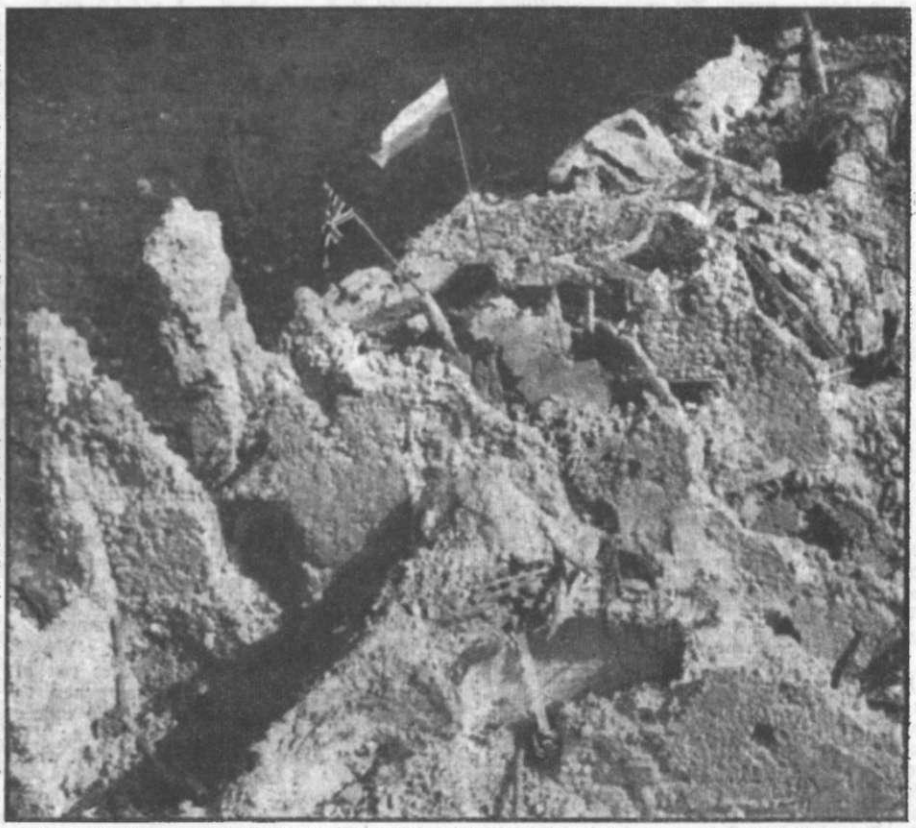
On a table are six opened tins of rations and three mess plates with sardines and potato untouched. Littered over the floor are packets of Esbit, a brand of fuel tablet with which they heated their mugs of coffee. The chief civil affairs officer of Amgot walked into Cassino at noon yesterday. Tonight Amgot issued a communiqué saying: "No civil affairs officer will be posted in Cassino because there is nothing left to administer." But, though much of the bombed and shelled Abbey is a heap of dust, it can be rebuilt entirely is the view of Major Norman Newton, an American who is Amgot's monuments officer.

We Wrestled at Sea with a 100-m.p.h. Gale

The destroyer H.M.S. Inconstant recently survived a terrific storm, the worst in her commander's long experience. For three-and-a-half days she had to heave-to before reaching harbour with structural damage and many depth charges lost overboard. The story of her struggle with the gale is told here by Sub.-Lieut. A. C. List, R.N.V.R.

WE were escorting a northbound convoy when we ran into the gale, which eventually reached 100 miles an hour. The convoy was scattered. We battened down all hatches, and it was impossible to get from one end of the ship to the other. I was on the bridge with the commanding officer, Lieut.-Cmdr. J. H. Eaden, D.S.O., R.N., of London, and the navigating officer, Lieut. R. S. S. Ingham, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., of Wigtownshire. The waves were coming right over the bridge, and we were up there for about 10 hours before we could safely get away.

Suddenly, the depth charges amidships started to break loose. The Gunner, Mr. R. P. Burgess, R.N., of Carshalton, Surrey, was below when he heard the depth



UNION JACK AND POLISH FLAG fly side by side over the shattered remains of Cassino Monastery, finally stormed and taken by the Poles on May 18, 1944. The Monastery fell at 10.20 a.m., and at 5.30 p.m. the two flags were hoisted, the Poles who had fought so grimly for this moment mounting a guard of honour. See story in this page.

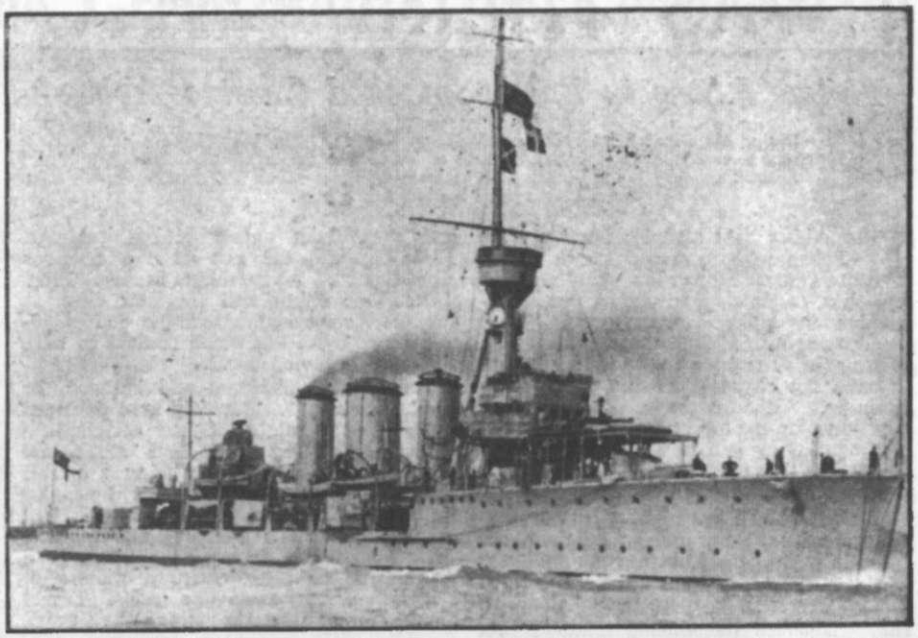
Photo. British Official

charges rolling round the deck over his head. He went on deck and tied a life-line round his waist. Leading Seaman T. A. Pryce, of Plymouth, paid out the line while Mr. Burgess scrambled to the depth charges.

All this time the waves were crashing down on the ship and Pryce tied the line to a stanchion. It was a good job he did, as one wave washed Mr. Burgess through the guard rails, and but for the life-line he would have gone overboard. Mr. Burgess called for volunteers, and Able Seaman C. Pemberton, of Blackpool, Able Seaman B. D. Wilde, of Mansfield and Able Seaman J. Ambrose, of Liverpool, went up to help. They hadn't been working long before the ammunition locker broke away under another wave and trapped them all underneath it.

The First Lieutenant, Lieut. M. Hayward-Butt, R.N., of Bude, went to their assistance, but another wave tore away the iron ladder leading up to one of the gun platforms. As it swung round, it hit the First Lieutenant on the forehead and knocked him unconscious. When the men under the locker were released, they were all suffering from severe injuries to their legs. Eventually we got all the injured below. Meanwhile, the ammunition locker had been washed over the side as though it had been matchwood.

We were pretty badly knocked about when we reached harbour, both the whaler and motor-boat being smashed as well. We collected the remainder of the convoy and carried on to our destination. We were in harbour just about long enough to refuel when we went out to help another convoy which had been coming up behind us. There was a pack of U-boats waiting to attack, but we got there first.



H.M.S. INCONSTANT, the story of whose epic battle with raging seas is related in this and the preceding page. A destroyer of the Intrepid class, H.M.S. Inconstant has a displacement of 1,370 tons and a complement of 145 ; her armament includes four 4·7-in. guns, five 21-in. torpedo tubes, and she is also specially fitted for mine-laying. A destroyer of this type costs about £320,000 to build.

Photo, Topical Press

I Flew Over Hitler's Front Line in the West

To within 30 miles of Paris, H. M. Moynihan, News Chronicle special correspondent, flew over France on May 20, 1944. His account of the country thus seen reveals it as desolation—marshalling yards empty of freight ; and roads, railways and rivers deserted. It was, he says, a "dead land."

In the co-pilot's seat of a Mitchell medium bomber I flew last evening to within 30 miles of the centre of Paris. Our route took us nearly 200 miles over Hitler's front line—areas on which a world's attention is being focused. This is what I saw: deserted roads, railways, stations and marshalling yards like forgotten toys ; rivers unrippled by craft. It was the "dead land" of which I had heard from pilots who for months have been operating day after day unchallenged in the skies of Northern France.

"Targets in Northern France" has become the refrain of nearly every Air Ministry communiqué. To the crew of R for Roger yesterday afternoon's briefing prepared them for another routine job—their 29th since last November. Yesterday evening their 500-pounders were required for fuel dumps and hangars at Creil airfield, 30 miles from the centre of Paris.

For myself, it was in more ways than one a novel experience. My maiden flight was to be an operational one. Of this, Flying Officer Desmond Martin, New Zealand pilot of R for Roger, was kept in ignorance until our safe return. Flying above cloud over the Channel the three squadrons of Mitchells crossed the French coast, its white cliffs, outer wall of enslaved Europe, gleaming below. Now the fields of France stretched to the horizon, a flat patchwork of grass, ploughland and woods interlaced with roads.

We flew too high to distinguish details in the pattern below—details that might convert a tranquil countryside into a region bristling with the weapons of defence. At several points a cluster of bomb craters indicated locations of the "military targets" that are being pounded with systematic regularity by our fighter-bombers and medium bombers. Smaller clusters of craters were visible at frequent intervals, looking like rubbed ink stains on a green and brown carpet.

From a forest criss-crossed by a regular pattern of paths much could be guessed, nothing observed. The Germans, masters of the art of concealment and surreptitious movement, had left no clue here for the daylight observer.

The roads and railways, along which the convoys and freight trains, moving under cover of darkness, are carrying the materials and equipment for the defence of the West Wall, were deserted. In an hour's close scrutiny I saw two heavy vehicles, one car and one motor-cyclist, moving specks in seemingly depopulated countryside. Marshalling yards, pitted with old bomb wounds, were empty of freight—no puff of smoke indicated activity on the miles of rail below.

Pilots with whom I have talked in the past weeks have told the same story. Some have not seen a train in months. On the evening's operation the three squadrons of escorting Spitfires returned again without a fight. Over the target as our bombs went down two puffs of black smoke drifted by. The half-hearted effort by ground defences was our only proof that the country below was enemy-occupied. Only 30 miles from the target, visible on a clearer day, lay Paris. The return trip was equally uneventful. We left behind a target well covered, sprouting smoke. On another airfield north of Paris Marauders were carrying out a similar attack. Forced to reserve its main strength for the invasion, the Luftwaffe has no place at present in the skies over France.

I Watched an Unbeatable Army Come Home

Sent to Dover in May 1940 as a war reporter, Ronald Camp of the News Chronicle has now recalled in that newspaper (on May 31, 1944) some of the things he did and saw in the front-line town during that bleak period in our military history. His flash-back to Dunkirk days will stir solemn memories in the minds of many readers of "The War Illustrated."

The Dover bookseller who sold me the Ordnance Survey map of South-East England gave me a careful scrutiny and I left his shop wondering if he too believed all the rumours of the landing of German parachute-spies.

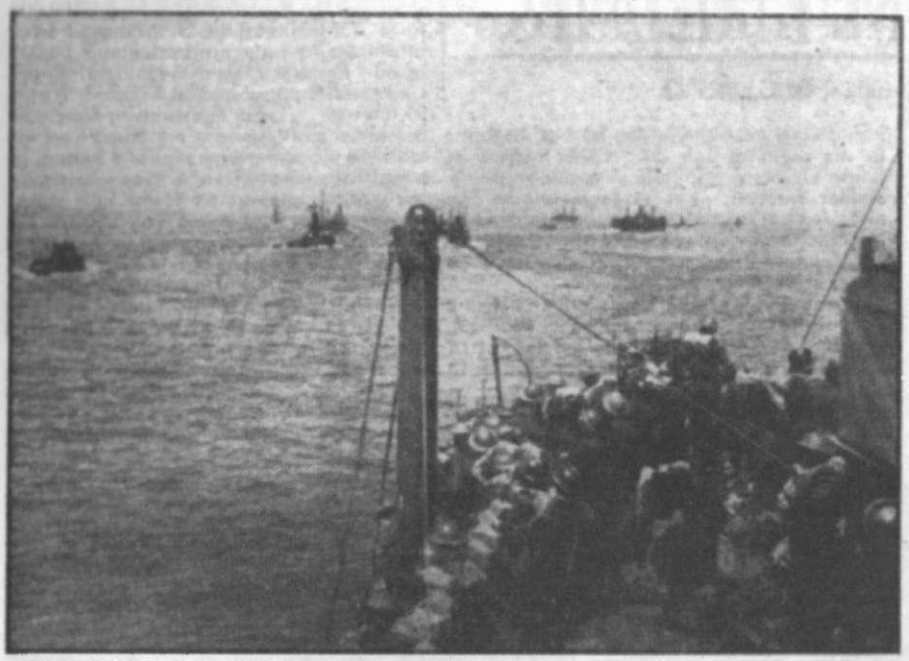
An hour later I knew the answer. By that time I had been "detained" by security police and was being interrogated by a polite but grim officer who was disposed to believe my credentials, but was taking no chances.

"The map? Yes, I bought it. Why? Just to plan possible escape routes out of Dover, in case—well, for an emergency, to get stories back to London." The officer asked, looking at the pencilled routes: "If the German Army lands here. Is that what you mean?" I meant exactly that.

This was Dover, four years ago. I had been the first reporter sent there to cover—anything. You could hear the German guns across the Straits. There was very little official news ; what there was, was bad and no one had any doubts that the Germans were coming. At the Grand Hotel—a ruin now—the first survivors of the disaster in France had already arrived, a trickle of dazed people which was to grow in a few days into a wave of hundreds of thousands flooding into the little towns all along the South-East Coast.

Overriding the dread we all experienced was the strangest exhilaration. Children in Dover were still playing in the streets and on the waterfront as close as they could go to the barbed wire and the anti-aircraft guns dotting the promenade. In the shops food was plentiful ; so was bright talk. In the pubs people were drinking harder. Four years ago, and the pictures remain vivid.

There was a bomber pilot in the hotel at X near by. His flying field was only a short distance away. "Well, chaps, I've got to go," he said, jerking his thumb towards France. "Pour me a Guinness



STRETCHING FROM SHORE TO SHORE were the armadas of the "little ships" at the time of the Dunkirk evacuation, between May 29 and June 3, 1940; the one seen in the foreground is packed to the rails with British and French troops. A flash-back to those sombre Dunkirk days is provided in the accompanying story by a war correspondent who saw the home-coming from his post at Dover four years ago. *Photo, British Official*

when you hear my car leave; I'll be back to drink it before the froth has gone." We did that. We heard him go, saw his plane, one of only three, flying out over the evening-sunlit water. There was a lace of froth still on the drink when he returned, oil on his face, flying helmet in his hand.

Two naval officers, thick black oil from head to bare feet, came into the hotel. There was no room, but room was made for them. Was it bad? they were asked. Worse, the lieutenant assured us. "Six brand new pipes I had, all on appro', too. Lost the lot. But I saved these." He carefully wiped oil from his binoculars.

There was a raid on the harbour area. We were in the area. Standing at the hotel door we saw the flashes and were shaken by the noise. What was the curious persistent moaning, rattling sound—a new weapon? No. The skating rink was still in session, an ack-ack gun firing almost on its doorstep; the bombs fell and the music and the roller skaters went round and around.

Then the thing happened. There were ships sinking in sight of shore, machine-gun bullets flattening themselves in the streets. We saw the first destroyer back from Dunkirk, its bow wave a foaming arc making everything but funnels and bridge invisible. The destroyer slowed, turned for harbour; we saw them then, hundreds of British soldiers clinging to her decks. We couldn't even shout. Even the roller skates were silent.

After that the desperate, incredible medley. Horror, grief, humour, policemen weeping as the troops came ashore; the wonderful women of Folkestone, Dover, Ramsgate and the other places ransacking their homes for sheets for emergency bandages—did they ever get new bed linen?—pushing wooden hand carts around the towns, collecting food, crockery, tea; boats and ships, big and little, laden until they were unseaworthy, forging into dock, turning and going back, the crews working until they dropped or died.

The Channel at night glowed; flickering, blood-red, great pillars of fire belched into the smoke-blackened night sky over the French coast. And by day the writhing smoke clouds marked the funeral pyres of an army's equipment. Everything seemed chaotic, yet everything had a strange orderliness, and by day and night the hospital trains moved out and the empty trains came in for all the thousands who waited.

We did not know then or for some time after of the men who stood by along the cliffs and beaches. Fifty rounds apiece was wealth of ammunition then. They stood ready to fight while the defeated army came home. And the men who had lost? I was asked time and time again, "What did they look like?" They looked awful. But they looked, I said, unbeatable, because their spirit was unbroken even then. And that was four years ago today.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

MAY 24, Wednesday *1,726th day*

Italy.—Canadian armoured units went through breach in Adolf Hitler line; Terracina and Pontecorvo captured.

Mediterranean.—U.S. heavy bombers attacked factories and airfields near Vienna and military installations at Graz and Zagreb.

Air.—Forts and Liberators attacked Berlin; medium bombers attacked airfields and railways in France. At night R.A.F. bombed Aachen and Antwerp.

MAY 25, Thursday *1,727th day*

Italy.—Patrols from 5th Army main front made contact with patrols from Anzio beach-head; U.S. troops captured Cisterna.

Balkans.—German parachutists attacked Marshal Tito's headquarters, but did not succeed in capturing him.

Mediterranean. — Allied heavy bombers attacked Lyons and Toulon railway yards.

Air.—Nine marshalling yards and four airfields in France and Belgium bombed by heavy force of U.S. bombers.

Pacific.—U.S. Pacific Fleet announced attacks on Marcus Island on May 19 and 20, and on Wake Island on May 23, by carrier-borne aircraft.

MAY 26, Friday *1,728th day*

Italy.—Places captured by 5th and 8th armies included Cori, San Giovanni, Piedimonte and Monte Cairo.

Mediterranean.—Railway centres at Lyons, St. Etienne, Grenoble and Nice bombed by Forts and Liberators.

Air.—Airfields and bridges in N. France attacked by U.S. 9th Air Force.

MAY 27, Saturday *1,729th day*

Air.—U.S heavy bombers attacked railway yards at Ludwigshafen, Mannheim, Karlsruhe, Saarbrucken and Strasbourg. By night over 1,000 R.A.F. planes attacked military depot at Bourg-Leopold, near Antwerp, and railway yards at Aachen and Nantes.

Mediterranean.—Escorted heavy bombers in great strength attacked railway yards at Marseilles, Avignon and Nimes.

Pacific.—Allied troops landed on Biak Island, off Dutch New Guinea.

China.—Japanese launched new offensive against Changsha, capital of Hunan.

MAY 28, Sunday *1,730th day*

Air.—U.S. bombers and over 1,200 fighters attacked synthetic oil-plants near Leipzig; rocket-projectile Typhoons destroyed a German military headquarters in N. France. Railway centre of Angers bombed by R.A.F. at night.

Mediterranean.—Allied heavy bombers attacked harbour installations at Genoa.

Italy.—Ceprano and Belmonte captured by 8th Army.

MAY 29, Monday *1,731st day*

Air.—Two thousand U.S. aircraft attacked two fighter factories in Poland and five in N. Germany.

Mediterranean.—Italian-based heavy bombers attacked aircraft factories and airfields at Wiener Neustadt; German troop concentrations in Jugoslavia bombed.

Russian Front.—Soviet bombers attacked airfields near Roman and Husi, Rumania.

MAY 30, Tuesday *1,732nd day*

Air.—Two thousand U.S. planes attacked aircraft factories and airfields in Germany and railway yards in Belgium and France; French road and railway bridges bombed by medium bombers.

Italy.—8th Army troops entered Arce.

Mediterranean.—Allied bombers attacked factories near Wiener Neustadt and railway yards at Zagreb (Yugoslavia).

Russian Front.—Germans attacking N. of Jassy, Rumania, drove small wedge into Soviet defences.

MAY 31, Wednesday *1,733rd day*

Air.—U.S. bombers found new targets in railway yards at Hamm, Osnabruck, Schwerte and Soest; at night R.A.F. bombed French railway centres at Trappes, Tergnier and Saumur.

Italy.—Velletri virtually surrounded by U.S. troops' occupation of Monte Artemisio.

Mediterranean.—Allied bombers attacked Ploesti and Turnu-Severin (Rumania); at night R.A.F. attacked Iron Gate railway on the Danube.

Russian Front.—Further German attacks N. of Jassy repelled by Soviet forces.

JUNE 1, Thursday *1,734th day*

Italy.—8th Army troops entered Sora and Frosinone.

Air.—R.A.F. bombers attacked railway yard at Saumur.

Sea.—Carrier-borne aircraft of Fleet Air Arm bombed enemy convoy off Norway.

JUNE 2, Friday *1,735th day*

Italy.—Valmontone and Velletri captured by 5th Army troops; Ferentino occupied by 8th Army.

Air.—Nearly 1,000 U.S. heavy bombers attacked Pas de Calais without loss; road and rail bridges in France bombed. R.A.F. bombed Trappes at night.

Russian Front.—U.S. Flying Fortresses landed on airfields in Russia after bombing Rumanian targets.

JUNE 3, Saturday *1,736th day*

Air.—Forts and Liberators bombed military installations in Pas de Calais and Boulogne areas; road and rail communications in France also attacked. R.A.F. bombed objectives on French coast.

Italy.—Lanuvio and Nemi in German line S. of Rome, captured by 5th Army.

Russian Front.—Violent German attacks N. and N.W. of Jassy again repelled.

JUNE 4, Sunday *1,737th day*

Italy.—Rome occupied by 5th Army troops during night of June 4-5.

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers attacked targets near Boulogne and railway centres and airfields in N. France; radio installations in N. France also bombed.

Russian Front.—Soviet bombers made mass raid on Kishinev.

JUNE 5, Monday *1,738th day*

Air.—Military installations near Boulogne and Calais attacked by U.S. heavy bombers; radio installations in N. France and Channel Is., and road and rail communications in France also bombed. In a record night of bombing, more than 1,300 R.A.F. planes attacked ten German coastal batteries.

Russian Front.—At night Soviet bombers made mass attack on Jassy.

General.—King Victor Emmanuel signed decree transferring royal powers to his son, the Prince of Piedmont.

JUNE 6, Tuesday *1,739th day*

Western Front.—Allied air-borne and sea-borne troops began landing on the coast of Normandy, supported by very heavy naval and air bombardments.

Russian Front.—U.S. Russian-based bombers attacked airfields at Galatz, Rumania, and returned to Soviet bases.

General.—Gen. de Gaulle broadcast from London to the French people.

Flash-backs

1940

May 27. *Royal Navy sank concrete-filled blockships at Zeebrugge.*

May 28. *Allied forces captured Narvik, destroyed harbour works.*

June 2. *Mr. Eden broadcast that four-fifths of the B.E.F. were safely back from Dunkirk.*

1941

May 25. *King George of Hellenes escaped from Crete to Egypt.*

June 1. *British troops entered Baghdad after the collapse of the Rashid Ali revolt in Iraq.*

1942

May 24. *General Stilwell arrived in Delhi after twenty days' trek through the Burmese jungle.*

June 3. *Japanese bombed Dutch Harbour, United States naval base in the Aleutian Islands.*

1943

May 30. *Organized Japanese resistance ended on Attu Is., Aleutians.*

May 31. *Announced that French Fleet at Alexandria joined Allies.*

June 1. *Heavy naval and air bombardment of Pantelleria began.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

THE institution of an Eastern Command of the United States Strategic Air Forces in Europe is an event of outstanding military and political importance, marking the beginning of new developments in the employment of air power. The first mission devolving from the setting up of this new Command was the bombing of targets in Hungary and Transylvania on June 2, 1944. It is not, however, in the selection of targets, but in the organization of the surface servicing of the Force that the real innovation lies.

The formation of Fortress bombers left airfields in Italy escorted by long-range Mustang fighters. They alighted on Soviet territory with an additional escort of Red Air Force Yak fighters. This was the first demonstration of the principle of a shuttle air operation between east and west Europe, instead of the more familiar out-and-home method of working. Incidentally, it is a method of bombing operation which I suggested when Russia first came into the war. But for that I claim no particular prescience, for its advantages were so apparent that many must have been aware of them even if few wrote about them.

The military advantages are both strategical and tactical. The tactical advantage lies in the use of favourable geographic siting of Allied airfields: (1) to reduce the distance to be flown when attacking distant targets, so that a greater weight of bombs can be carried in lieu of petrol; (2) to enable fighter escorts to accompany the bombers throughout their mission due to the mileage falling within the range of the fighters; (3) to reduce the strain on the aircrews, airframes, and engines by cutting down not only the time of flight, but more particularly the time spent over enemy territory, thus maintaining the efficiency of the aircrews and aircraft of the force over a longer period of operation; (4) to add difficulty to the opposing air force's interception of the bombers, thereby offering the pilots and bombardiers the best conditions for accurate bomb-aiming.

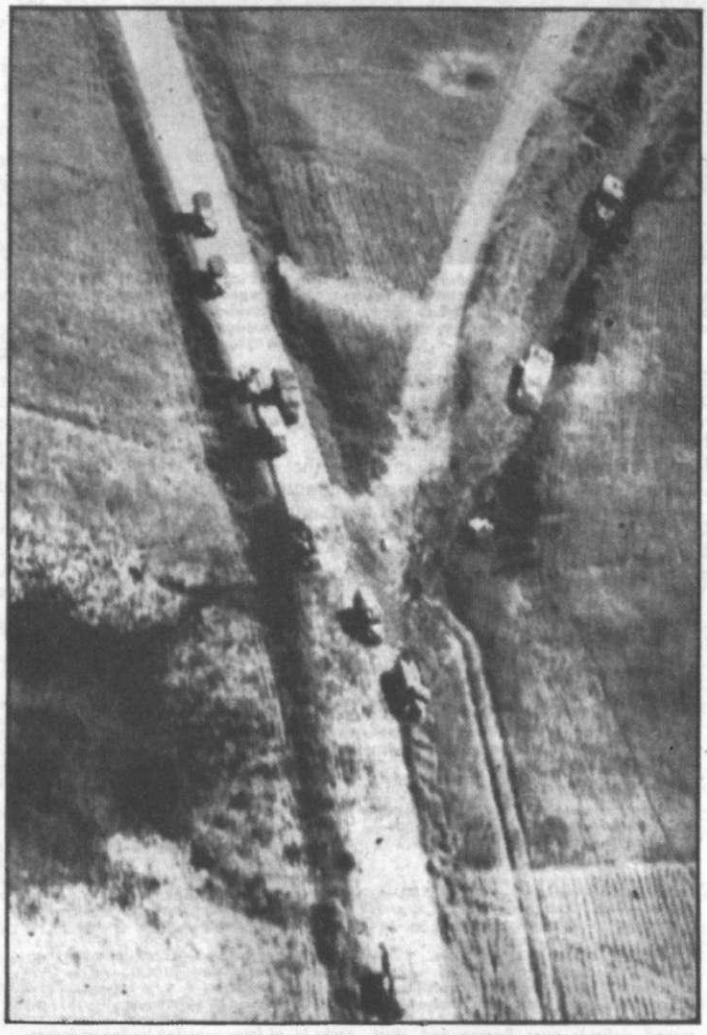
THE strategical advantages are not less important. The choice and situation of targets to be attacked is greatly increased and widened. The Air Staffs of both Allies are brought together to work towards a common military policy. The maximum use is made of all available airfields. Part of the man-power resources of both Allies is pooled. And for the first time foreign aircraft are accorded in war the same airfield facilities as warships had long been accustomed to enjoy in harbourage. Thus a step has been taken in the direction of the international strategical employment of military aircraft.

This was not the first time that shuttle bombing services had operated. Bomber Command of the R.A.F. on July 15, 1943, sent a force of Lancasters to night-bomb transformer stations in Italy; this force flew on to land in North Africa, and when returning to England bombed the port of Leghorn in the night of July 24. Other targets in South Germany and Italy were attacked to a similar formula. But in these attacks the aircraft were dispatched from and arrived at airfields under the control of the same military authorities. No political concessions were involved.

With the U.S. and Russian shuttle-bombing the political issues were the primary problem, and it is said that these were the subject of discussion at the Moscow Conference in October 1943. No doubt the England-North Africa shuttle-bombing by Bomber Command was a useful factor in the discussion, as must have been also the photographic evidence of the destruction wrought in Western Germany by the strategic-economic bombing of Bomber Command and the U.S. Army 8th Air Force.

The man-power problems involved in air warfare on its present scale are vividly illustrated by the bomb tonnage figures for May 1944. A year ago the tonnage dropped by American bombers in Europe was comparatively small compared with the figures for Bomber Command. In May 1944 the total tonnage dropped by the Strategic Air Forces of Britain and the U.S. (not including the bomb weight dropped by the Tactical Air Forces over the battlefronts) exceeded 100,000 tons. Of this total the U.S. Strategic Forces in Britain and Italy dropped about 60,000 tons by day and 7,600 tons by night. Bomber Command from the United Kingdom dropped 37,000 tons. These figures show clearly that industrial man-power is the factor that controls the air-power potential of a nation, and suggest the necessity for a Treaty to regulate the size of post-war air forces in a manner similar to the Washington Treaty of 1922 for the regulation of the size of navies, unless some other international formula can be found to control post-war air policy.

Aircraft have been used to attack German military headquarters in Western Europe by pin-point bombing, and the accuracy of this method of attack is now so high that special measures for security and for the protection of headquarters of military importance will have to be devised. Whether it is better to bomb and follow the attack by dropping parachutists, as was done in the attempt to capture Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia at the end of May, must depend on the prevailing circumstances, but it is probable that this form of parachutist infiltration behind the enemy "front" will be developed as never before with the major invasion operation in Europe.



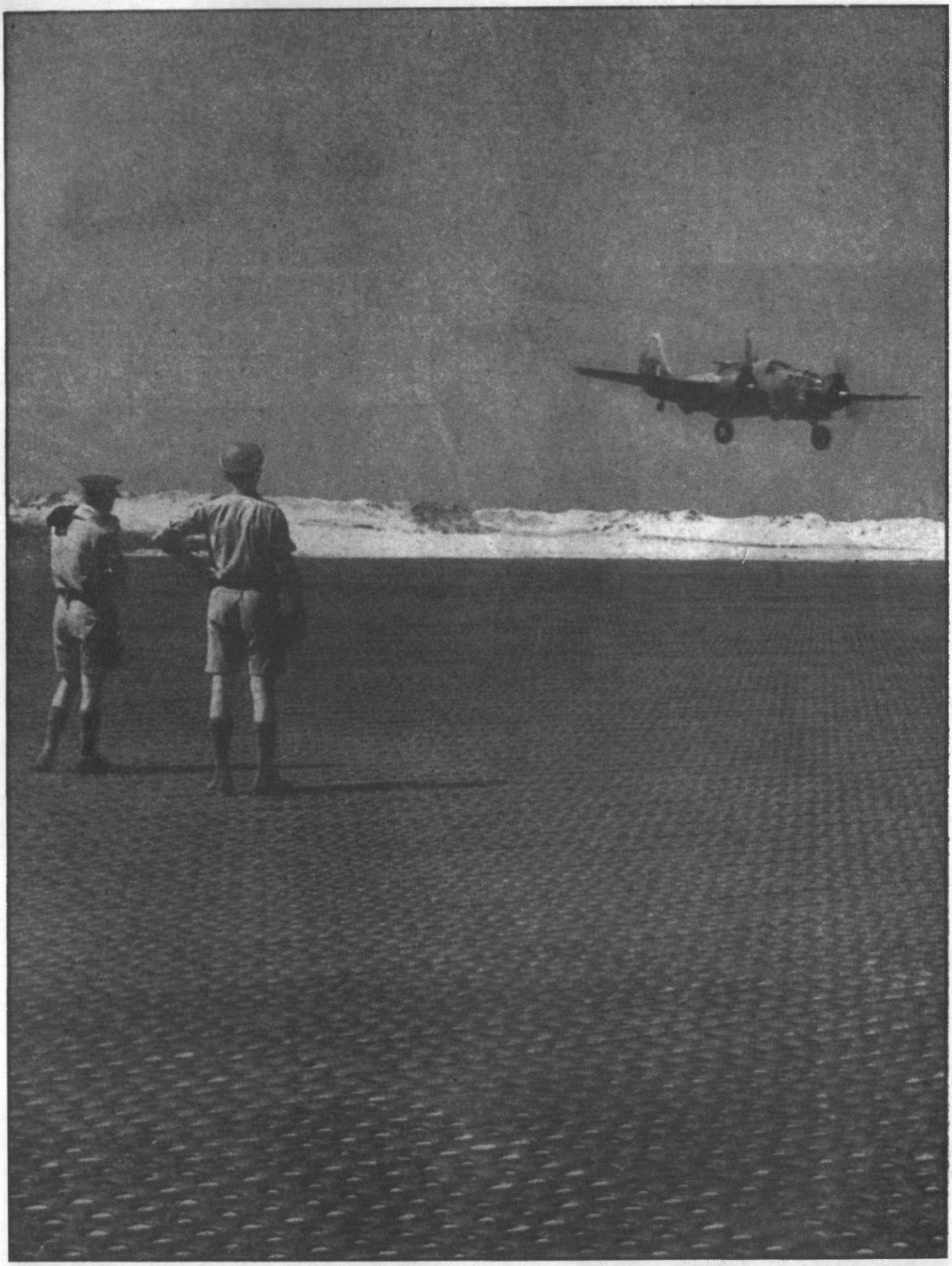
OUR FIRST TACTICAL AIR FORCE dealt shattering blows to German supply routes while the Allies closed in on Rome, as this photograph of bomb craters and abandoned vehicles shows. Main role of the First Tactical Air Force (under Maj.-Gen. John K. Cannon), composed of fighters, fighter-bombers, and light and medium bombers, is to secure air superiority over battle areas and to disrupt local road and rail communications. *Photo, British Official*

MEANWHILE, on the Italian front Allied aircraft have found important communication targets in the road transport which Kesselring was compelled to use during daylight when the Fifth and Eighth Armies forced the German retreat from the Anzio perimeter and the defensive lines to the south. Allied aircraft sorties there rose to over 3,000 a day, and on May 26 no fewer than 610 vehicles were destroyed behind the German front. This daily road-strafing began on May 24 and continued daily. Strategic aircraft attacked rail communications throughout south-eastern France, there interfering with German troop movements towards Italy, the Brenner Pass rail route having been previously attended to by bombers and blocked.

In Western Europe the main targets have been railway communications. Heavy attacks have been made by day and night against railway key centres with the object of reducing the transport facilities between industrial Europe and the "West Wall." In May Bomber Command dropped 28,500 tons on comparatively small targets, a diversion from its urban area attacks.

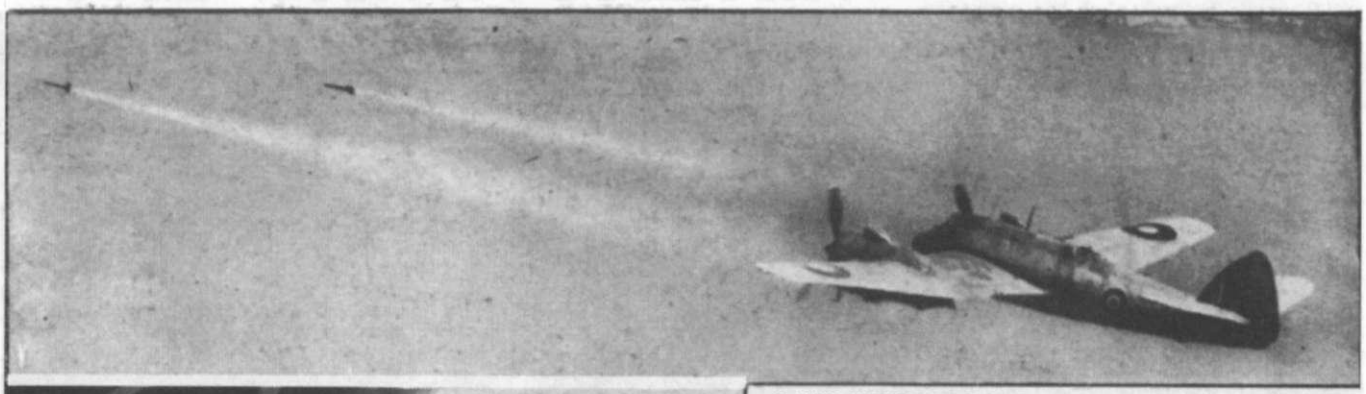
British aircraft have been using rocket projectiles—officially called unrotating projectiles—since June 1943. They are essentially weapons for low and close attack. Targets attacked with them have been mainly the smaller vessels, but German army headquarters buildings, radio stations, and railways have also been singled out for rocket attack. Small ship draught is too shallow for torpedo attack, and the rocket has proved superior to the skip-bombing and cannon-gun form of attack against them. Four rockets are carried under each wing. Their discharge shock is taken by the air. They can be fired in pairs or in one salvo of eight. Their cordite propellant is electrically ignited by a small platinum fuse wire when the pilot presses a firing button. (See illus. p. 94).

Metal 'Carpets' for Our Front Line Airfields



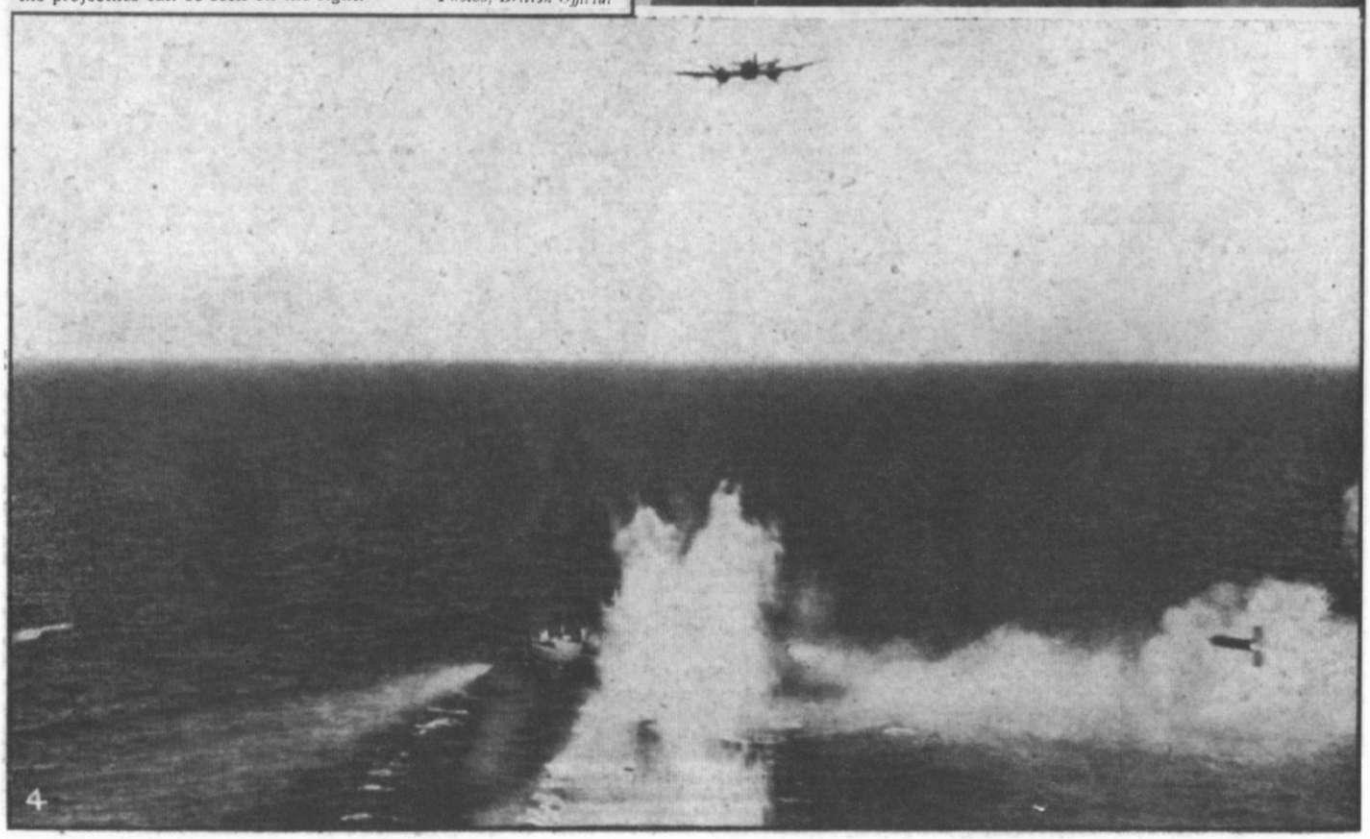
SWIFT MAKER OF LANDING GROUNDS is the Sommerfeld track—a strip of metal "netting" tautly stretched between stiff edges and firmly picketed at the sides. Transported in 25-yd. rolls, it can be speedily laid down on any flat ground and is strong enough to carry the heaviest vehicle up a sandy beach. Strips laid side by side form an admirable surface for aircraft runways and emergency landing-grounds. A Baltimore medium bomber of the Desert Air Force is about to land on one of these meshed airfields in Italy. *Photo, British Official*

R.A.F. Rockets Equal a Warship's Broadside!



NEW WEAPON OF THE R.A.F., the rocket-projectile is being used with increasing success against enemy targets on land and at sea. Six feet long, the rocket consists (apart from its explosive head) of a tube filled with cordite ; when fired, a fuse ignites the cordite and the resultant gas-flow propels it at terrific speed. Eight rockets are carried by a plane, four under each wing, and they can be fired in pairs or all eight together, the effect of such a salvo being comparable to that of a light cruiser's broadside. A Beaufighter of R.A.F. Coastal Command uses its rockets (1). H. M. the King recently inspected the latest rocket-equipped Typhoon aircraft (2).

FOUR FIGHTERS OF COASTAL COMMAND—Hurricanes, Beaufighters, Typhoons and Swordfish—have all been adapted for rocket firing. One instance of their striking power is evident in the result of a special mission to eliminate a German military headquarters in Northern France, undertaken by rocket-projectile Typhoons of the Second Tactical Air Force on May 28, 1944 ; only battered walls of the building remained standing after that visit. R.A.F. ground crews load rockets into the guide rails of a Beaufighter (3). An enemy armed trawler under rocket fire (4) ; one of the projectiles can be seen on the right. *Photos, British Official*



Editor's Postscript

OF all our Allies to which do we feel most akin? I should say the Norwegians. This is natural, for we are closely related to them. Since the Normans, or North-men, began coming to England, long before the Norman Conquest, we have been mixing our blood with theirs. We inherit from them our aptitude for seamanship. I don't say our love for the sea, because sailors, I notice, are always looking forward to the day when they will be able to live permanently on land, and most Britons are seasick if the waves are more than inch high! But we do produce good seamen. We did in the time of masts and sails, and we do still. This we owe to our ancestors from "Norroway o'er the faem," as the old ballad called it. Now we have another tie of friendship with the Norwegians. We have fought together for the same great cause—to keep alive the flame of freedom. How much the Allied cause owes to Norwegian seafaring men, soldiers and airmen few people yet realize. If they will spend 6/- on a book just published by Hutchinson, with the authority of the Royal Norwegian Government Information Office, they will learn a great deal. That book, Fighting Norsemen, by R. B. Nyquist, does not tell all that these "bonny fighters" have done. That must wait. But it tells a great deal in a very attractive style.

MOSTLY they acted in co-operation with British forces. But sometimes they struck entirely on their own, a blow at the Germans whom they hate with a concentration that is surprising in so placid and kindly a people. For example, at a place on the coast of northern Norway fishmeal and herring-oil factories were being used greatly to the enemy's advantage. A raid was planned in which only native sailors and soldiers were to take part. In a destroyer, one of those sent to Britain by the Americans, they started across the North Sea, slid into a fjord, expecting to be met with enemy fire; were not molested; landed without meeting any opposition. For nearly three hours they stayed on shore, distributing food to the inhabitants, whom the Germans kept on short rations, and completely destroying the factories and other buildings useful to the enemy. Then they re-embarked and steamed quietly away. Few of their exploits were so easily accomplished. But nothing daunts them.

MRS. CHURCHILL in her charmingly spoken talk on the wireless about her Red Cross Fund, which deserves all the support we can give, described the Nazi system as "the worst tyranny the world had ever known." That is her husband's way of looking at it, and a dutiful wife always agrees with her husband—in public, at any rate. But whenever I hear or read this description I enter an inward protest. Hateful as it is, abominable as its crimes are, we give it too much importance when we pretend that nothing like Nazism has ever been seen before. I should say the Spartans were far more uncomfortable than the Germans were during the six years of peace after Hitler grabbed power. Of the notorious Duke of Alva, governor of the Netherlands in the 16th century, it was said that his executioners shed more blood than his soldiers. The Pharaohs of Egypt enslaved whole populations and made them build the Pyramids. The Israelites under Joshua went through Palestine with fire and sword, exterminating, burning, destroying. For 30 years in the 17th century the wars of religion made Germany a hell. Humanity has always known the rule of oppressors and that rule has varied little throughout the ages. Sometimes it has been a little worse in one direction, sometimes rather more humane in another. But always coldly cruel and at the same time senseless, for always in the end the tyranny has collapsed. But it has always begun again either in the same place or somewhere else.

HOW it is with folks who live out of sight and sound of aircraft passing overhead in vast numbers to bomb the enemy, I don't know; but I feel sure those who do see and hear this daily are more affected by the thought of casualties to a small number of the crews than by that of tens of thousands who might be killed in battle. It is because one knows that in each of those machines roaring over there are a few young men who may not come back—that there are bound to be some who will not—and it is this that makes reflection so poignant. It is brought close home to us. Battles happen a long way off. No one who has not been in or near one has any exact idea of what they are like. When we hear that very large numbers have been killed, we have no clear picture in our minds of how they met their death. But we can imagine in the most painful detail how these boys in the bombers and fighters may meet their fate. When we see them come back our hearts are thankful. This time, at any rate, they have escaped to fight again.

BREWERS are doing very well, making large profits, paying big dividends; their shares increase in value. But will this continue? I notice a significant change near where I live. A baker's shop, where even now there is always a tempting array of cakes and bread in the window, is frequented at all hours of the day by soldiers, and by workers in overalls, for cups of tea and buns. They make it a sort of teashop, filling it so full at times that customers for loaves or tea dainties have to edge their way through to the counter, smiling good-naturedly at the men sitting there with cups in their hands. Will the taste for beer give way to a liking for tea? In a good many men it may. Australians prefer tea—not here, perhaps, but they do in their own country, and they drink an enormous lot of it, as I can testify.

WHAT makes men endurable is that they are so much like boys. However solemn they try to be, whatever airs of wisdom they give themselves, one touch of schoolboy fun breaks down their pretences, and they become delightfully natural. I was in the House of Commons the other day. Some discussion was going on about fish which involved a complaint about bad smells. Mr. Boothby got up and said: "I was in Aberdeen recently"—he sits for one of its divisions—"and the stench was intolerable." There was an immediate and joyful roar of laughter. It was exactly what would have happened in one of the lower classes if a master had given such an opening. I felt more kindly then to M.P.s than I have for a long time. The House really does need renewing with some fresh and younger material. It has been there nine years and looks it. It is a tired House. Everyone knows what everyone else will say (if they get a chance). There is an air of weariness and strain about the place; it was refreshing to see this dispersed for a moment by that burst of schoolboy hilarity.

HOLLYWOOD is the place to make money. The largest income in the United States is earned by Mr. Louis Mayer of the well-known film company. He makes £756 a day. And Leslie Howard, who went there with nothing, left £62,000 when he died, though he was still quite a young man. I remember hearing a story of a visit to the bank manager by a boyish actor and his father who went to see if they could arrange for an overdraft so that the son might try his luck in California. That was Leslie Howard, who rose to the front solely by merit and force of character. He well deserved all the monetary reward he earned.

HAD anyone foretold fifty years ago that the Salvation Army would some day plan to build headquarters for itself in London at an expense of half-a-million pounds, the prophet would have been thought crazy. The Army was then looked on as a passing nuisance. It was small and noisy, sneered at by intellectuals, disliked by the conventional for its intimate street-corner discussions about the ways of the Almighty and the sinful human race. Its finance depended on the pennies of its members for the most part, though it had some few supporters who gave General Booth large sums to be spent exactly as he thought fit without accounting to anybody. He had a good idea of business himself and he gathered together men who were first-class accountants. The S.A. headquarters were destroyed in an air-raid three years ago and to the compensation that will (they hope) be received from War Damage Insurance there will be added large sums raised all over the world for a spacious and striking block on the old site in Queen Victoria Street, London.

WING COMMANDER R. H. McCONNELL, D.F.C., was the first pilot of the Royal Air Force Coastal Command to use rocket projectiles in an action against the enemy. Commissioned in the R.A.F. in 1935, Wing Commander McConnell gained his decoration in 1940. **See also facing page.** *Photo, British Official.*

Avenger Takes Off on its Mission of Death

LAUNCHING TORPEDOES FROM THE AIR is the special task of this Avenger aircraft, here seen taking off from the flight deck of a U.S. aircraft carrier operating against the Japanese in the Pacific. Powered by a 1,700 h.p. Wright Cyclone engine, and armed with ·50 and ·30 calibre machine-guns and one 22-in. torpedo, the Avenger has a speed of 270 miles an hour. In May 1944 it was announced that the U.S. Navy alone will soon have a force of 37,700 planes.

Photo, Keystone

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—June 23, 1944. S.S. *Editorial Address:* JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON E.C.4.